JOHN BULL, week ending Jan. 2, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1907

3D EVERY THURSDAY

RESOLUTION No. 1 By the Editor

OUR WAR-TIME SECURITY GIFT FOR 1943

NEW YEAR AND THE NEW WORLD by A. G. G.

the glory on their wings

Night raids . . .
Daylight raids . . .
Intruder raids . . . into
the dawn—across the bars
of sunset,
through rain and storm.
BUT . . . whatever the
weather—
cloudy or clear
there is always . . .
always a glory
on their wings—.
for they go to avenge the
innocent,
to break the tyrant,
to release a continent from
slavery . . .
to save mankind.
No enterprise more glorious
in the story of the world.
Once they were few,
now they are many—
they must be more—more
and still more,
until only *they* darken the
new dawn . . .
and their tenuous shadows are
the only darkness on
the fields . . .
and tents . . .
and towns of Europe.
MORE . . .
still MORE.

* * * *

Until this glorious consummation is achieved, we on the civilian front cannot pause or relax. However hard we work, however much we deny ourselves, however much we save from our earnings, our best must be counted short of our needs until Victory is in our grasp . . . Are you sure that you are saving ENOUGH?

Issued by the National Savings Committee

"Am I right for the
HOME FRONT, porter?"

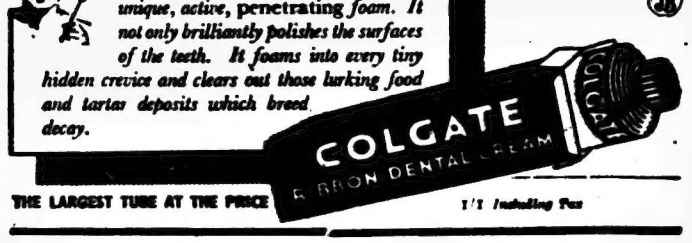
"First rate, I should say—

A little BOVRIL warms and cheers

If love's just a dream to you . . .

Maybe your dreams don't come true because of your teeth. For if they aren't attractive, few men will bother to look for your other charms. Dazzling teeth, a fresh, fragrant mouth are the natural result of using Colgate's. They make your other charms more fascinating . . . make men see you in a new and most attractive light.

Colgate's is the toothpaste with the unique, active, penetrating *foam. It not only brilliantly polishes the surfaces of the teeth. It foams into every tiny hidden crevice and clears out those lurking food and tartar deposits which breed decay.*



THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE 1/1 *Including Tax*

What is diphtheria Immunisation?

Immunisation is a safe means of preventing fatal diphtheria by two or three injections into the arm. If three out of every four children were immunised diphtheria would almost completely disappear.

Is Diphtheria Dangerous?
Yes, especially to young children. It attacks 60,000 and kills 3,000 every year. In those who recover, its after effects may continue for life. It is highly infectious.

Does Immunisation protect?
Yes. It is very rare indeed for a child who has had the full course of injections to develop fatal diphtheria.

When should it be done?
The younger a child is immunised the better; immediately after the first birthday is best. But it is never too late, and all children, from 1 to 15, should be immunised.

Immunisation is FREE

Ask now at your local Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH D17

FOOD FACTS

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

1943—a New Year on the Kitchen Front. Another chance for making and *keeping* those good resolutions of yours.

You've always meant to make use of your full cheese ration: you've always intended to eat potatoes instead of bread: and you've always planned to take up all your allowance of Household Milk and Dried Egg.

Well, here again is your opportunity to do all those things you've always meant to do on the food front. You make the resolutions, follow the method given here, and you'll keep them in 1943.

1943 in the Kitchen:—

1 Make full use of your rations. Eat your full cheese ration every week. Make the most of your Dried Egg and Household Milk.

2 Eat at least 1 lb. of potatoes every day. Don't peel them. Cook them in their skins. They are better for you and tastier, too.

3 Cook your vegetables the modern way. Use very little boiling water. Shred or slice your vegetables first. Cook very quickly with the lid on. Eat as soon as cooked.

* * *

LISTEN TO
THE KITCHEN FRONT
EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

1943 in the Shops:—

4 Do your shopping in as few bits as possible. It will save the shopkeeper's time and paper.

5 Try and buy a week's supply of goods at one time. This isn't easy for you, but your shopkeeper, who is very short-handed, will be very grateful.

6 Always return milk bottles well rinsed and don't forget to save the milk bottle caps for the milkman.

1943 in the Larder:—

7 Don't throw away a scrap of food. Bits of left-over fish or vegetables make splendid sandwich fillings.

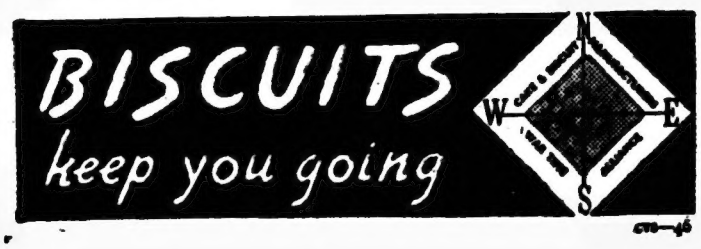
8 Don't hoard your Dried Egg. It is meant to be used now. Keep it in a dry cool place.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 130

A HOT DRINK & BISCUITS

You're keeping within your fuel target like the good citizen you are, so you're feeling the nip in the air. Keep warm with biscuits and a hot drink. Put energy into your body when resistance against colds is running low.

There's no waste with biscuits and they're the best points value on the market.



CVO—46

Are you keeping FIT & CHEERFUL?

FEELING well, cheerful and youthful becomes a habit when you discover what Bile Beans can mean to you.

Taken at bedtime Bile Beans create "inner health" while you sleep. They ensure that regular elimination so essential to your well-being. Bile Beans purify the blood, give you bright eyes and a clear skin. They tone you up and improve your general health and vitality.

BILE BEANS

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 2, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

MASS MURDER

● **Not even the excesses of the sadistic Roman tyrants, nor the worst butcheries of the ancient religious wars, approached in horror to-day's massacre of the Jews in central Europe.**

But it is not enough for the civilised world to express detestation of Hitler's crimes.

We must seek to prevent them from claiming hundreds of thousands of fresh victims.

Can we do so? At least we should try.

We know that Hitler does not care what happens to the Jews so long as he is rid of them. We know that, in the past, he has even allowed prisoners to leave such death-camps as Dachau to join relatives in America.

So the United Nations should guarantee the upkeep of all he is willing to release—and should persuade such neutrals as Turkey, Sweden and Switzerland to act as a sort of clearing-house.

When so many lives are at stake, the effort is surely worth making.

Straight from the Shoulder

ON TO THE NEW WORLD

THIS new year should take us a big step towards the new world we are determined to build.

Gigantic military operations are being shaped. Preparations for a Second Front in Europe are far advanced.

For the sake of the lives that will depend on their outcome, nothing more should be said about our plans except this—we at home must provide the means to carry them through to complete success.

Man-power

Firstly, we must find more labour for factories, shipyards and the land.

Mr. Lyttelton's trip to Washington must have produced food for hard thinking in our Cabinet.

The need for producing to the last ounce here to save shipping will necessitate drastic new juggling with man-power *and* woman-power early in the New Year.

Comb-Out

Elsewhere in this issue we discuss some of the measures which should be taken to remedy this lag.

The broad result will be to prune in proportion all round the various calls on man-power and direct it to war production.

Empty Shops

We shall find, now that the shopping rush has ended, very few "non-essential" goods on sale. There should, indeed, be none available; Mr. Dalton must turn the screw more tightly.

This year we must be content with necessities and abandon luxuries.

Source of Power

It isn't only a question of providing man-power and materials for the war factories. We have got to find more coal to keep those factories open—and non-essential industries use quite a lot of coal.

But even in the war factories coal is being wasted at a prodigious rate. Why? Because we have not yet learned how to burn it economically.

Only 30 per cent. of it is turned to useful account!

Progress by Research

Cut down that 70 per cent. waste to 50 per cent. and our present difficulties would disappear.

Such a task is not beyond the talents of our scientists. They must be given a free hand. They must be given all the money they need.

The Five-Year Research Plan just announced must be so speeded up as to offer hope for a solution in the first year.

Wasting Ships

This year, too, we must revise our shipping methods. And we should be frank with our American friends.

Invaluable shipping space is wasted because their fighting men bring loads of superfluous kit with them.

Made in Britain

If they must have that kit, then much of it could be supplied here in Britain without trouble.

Particularly should no motor cars be shipped across the Atlantic. There are plenty here for American use.

Needless Transport

We have simply got to eliminate such costly waste of transport. The only way to do it is for the United Nations to pool materials *and* ideas.

That organisation is not only desirable. It is absolutely imperative.

It is necessary for war. It will not be less necessary for peace.

Gangster Spirit

Again let us be frank.

There are gangster-minded business men in the U.S.A. who see a golden opportunity for American civil aviation to get ahead of the rest of the world.

Alarmed at this possibility, some British magnates want us to answer gangster threats by gangster methods.

Common-Sense Way

That way lies chaos, suspicion, resentment and the international jealousy which has so often resulted in war.

Better, far, to make air transport an international way to prosperity and common understanding!

Sharing Trade

Until we get all transport pooled and organised we cannot hope to organise world trade.

Statesmen and wise business men in many countries know that if the United Nations can pool armies for their mutual defence they can easily pool transport and trade for the benefit of the entire globe.

The fighting men know it too. So do the war workers. Shall we—the great majority of the peoples of the world—consent to be stampeded by a few greedy financial anarchists?

The Common Man

We have the power to say, This Shall Not Be.

As the vice-president of the U.S.A. has declared, the century which will come out of this war "can be and must be the century of the common man."

It is up to us to assert our strength—and to use it to break down the barriers of selfishness that have so long split the world into warring factions.

Release from Slavery

To quote Mr. Wallace again: "International cartels that serve American greed and the German will to power must go. Cartels must be subjected to international control for the common man. . . .

"With international monopoly pools under control, it will be possible for inventions to serve all the people instead of only a few."

Blind Folly

Listen to another American statesman, Mr. Cordell Hull:

"After the last war too many nations, including our own, tolerated or participated in attempts to advance their own interests at the expense of collective security and opportunity for all."

Shall we be so blindly foolish again?

Winning the Battle

Listen, finally, to America's chief of economic warfare, Mr. Milo Perkins, who insists that the battle for economic progress started long before this present war:

"The battle will be won when we have built up mass-consumption to a point where markets can absorb the output of our mass-production industries running at top speed.

"Then life can become a journey to be enjoyed rather than a battle to be fought."

World Agreement

The recent speeches of Morrison and Cripps were no less thoughtful.

We know that Stalin and Chang-Kai-Shek have similar ideals to offer their peoples.

And so we find the beginning of an agreement that must be enlarged to *all* the United Nations and then to all the free peoples of the world.

Into Action

Can that hope be translated into positive planning? Of course. There are signs that some of our Cabinet Ministers are beginning to face up to it.

All but the most reactionary of the daily Press, too, are urging the organised distribution of the world's abundance.

Towards Victory

A distinguished Swiss journalist forecasts an allied invasion of Greece and Thrace, and later of Bulgaria and Rumania—whose peoples might well decide to desert the Axis and join the United Nations.

Such a move should be synchronised with attacks *much* further to the west. Thus we should get not only a Second Front but a Third Front in Europe.

Certainly we shall see breath-taking military action in 1943. We must also resolve, this New Year, to begin planning the peace that the world covets.

(Continued overleaf)

"John Bull's" Wartime Security Gift for 1943

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

AND COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS FOR EVERY READER

● On the threshold of another vital year, our readers look to "John Bull" to give them again that unique protection which they have come to regard as an essential part of their war-time lives. They will not look in vain.

"John Bull" is proud to announce that its unparalleled Wartime Security Gift will continue to operate in 1943. All the benefits and conditions remain in force as in 1942, the provisional date of termination of the benefits now being December 31st, 1943.

"John Bull" offers free to registered readers an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied, or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom. The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, including Home Guards, Police, Civil Defence, N.F.S., Spotters, and Fire Watchers.

Comprehensive Household Benefits are also provided by this unparalleled Charter of Protection, covering registered readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by Fire, Storm, Flood, Lightning, Burglary, etc.

Registered readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" 1943 Free Wartime Security Gift, which supersedes all schemes previously in force. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. Registration Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

VICTORY, as we have said, must depend on our use of the man-power available. Quite plainly, it is not being used to the full.

Thus we are told that, for months past, carpenters in a shipyard have been making toy tommy-guns to sell at 5s. each.

They're Paid For It

In another great war establishment, miniature tanks are the rage.

In another, the capstan hands are said to find the manufacture of petrol lighters more amusing and profitable.

Treason

Bad enough that such things happened in the early days of the war, before the long job of tooling-up was completed. Worse that they should continue when, in this fourth year of war, full-time production is both possible and essential.

Those who waste men and machinery are guilty of treason against the fighting lads.

Triple Blame

We blame the workers concerned for blind selfishness. We blame the managements for laxity. We blame the Ministries for not exercising closer supervision.

It is no answer to say that maybe one factory is badly organised, and another is suffering from a hold-up in the supply of materials.

Protests would bring a remedy.

Cripps Acts

It was the workers' protests that caused Sir Stafford Cripps to instal a State manager at a vast aircraft factory.

It is the workers' views, expressed through production committees, that can result in the dismissal of inefficient managements and the steady flow of raw materials.

And it is up to the workers to see that every factory has its production committee.

Airmen's Councils

Fortunately, the idea is spreading. Enough to make an old-fashioned Brass-Hat die of apoplexy is the innovation at two big fighter stations of the R.A.F.

Suggestions and grievances are discussed by a council representing the rank-and-file. Those considered worthwhile are then submitted—anonymously—to the station commander.

Imitations Welcomed

The commander is glad to receive them. They enable him to find weak spots in his organisation, to prevent injustice and resentment, and thus to improve the morale and efficiency of his men.

It is a scheme that will, no doubt, be noted with interest throughout the Fighting Forces—and, we hope, imitated.

Tory v. Bevin

Doughtiest opponent of changes is Sir Douglas Hacking.

As chairman of the Conservative Party, he saw to it that even the Diehards supported Cabinet decisions.

Lately he resigned, and now is whipping up his Party to fight a Cabinet decision. Which means a big tussle with Mr. Bevin.

Delaying Action

The Cabinet authorised Mr. Bevin to regulate wages and conditions in the catering trades. Sir Douglas has obtained the signatures of 191 M.P.s against quick action.

But Mr. Bevin is determined to go right ahead and is now rolling up his sleeves.

Will He Win!

Unless the Cabinet deserts him on the battlefield—and some Tory Ministers who are *not* in the Cabinet would grin with delight if this happened—Mr. Bevin should win.

During the next few weeks, therefore, the public will be able to judge whether the Diehards still rule the Government.

No Luxuries

Some Diehards talk so much about "£25-a-week war workers" that you'd think most of us were living in luxury.

They need a reminder that the average wage is less than a fifth of that figure—and some industries are still paying their workers too little. The railways, for example.

Top Rates

In London, where the top rate is paid, railway labourers get 32s. 6d. or 33s. 6d. a week. Grade 2 mechanics (who form the majority) earn 45s. and 46s.; grade 3 mechanics get 40s. to 42s. To these sums must be added 32s. 6d. war bonus, and a further increase is under negotiation.

● Called-up from the reserve when war broke out, a sailor was passed by the doctors as A1.

When both his ear-drums were burst by gunfire, he was invalided out and granted a pension. A few months ago, however, the pension was withdrawn on the grounds that his deafness had not been "aggravated" by war service.

JOHN BULL intervened. With the result that his affliction has been directly attributed to war service and he has been granted a new award of 40 per cent. pension with arrears—our third pensions success in a week.

Natural modesty prevents us from making any comment.

So you can judge that 110,000 rail shopmen aren't in the rush to buy diamonds and shooting estates.

Pro and Con

However, they have the benefit of six days' paid holiday a year. In return, they draw no pay for six and a half days which happen to be public holidays—such as Christmas and Easter.

One Word

Incidentally, one reader asks our opinion on the rates for N. Ireland building workers. In most districts, a labourer is paid 1s. 3d. an hour, so that if he has two days' bad weather he takes home 35s. to keep his family for a week.

Our opinion can be expressed in one word: Damnable.

Strong Language

"Blue Slavery" is the phrase coined by a county chief constable to describe the conditions imposed on policewomen.

He doesn't mean to be offensive to the ladies in blue, but to the Home Office.

We agree with him that 55s. a week less deductions is not a handsome rate of pay for their onerous duties.

Come-Down

Consider one case. A woman volunteered for the Force and thus released a policeman earning £4 15s. plus accommodation.

In "civvies" she earned £7 a week as a secretary. In uniform, she gets 55s.

She's wondering if she was foolish to volunteer—because conscripted women officers are given an extra 24s. 6d. lodging allowance.

Public and Private

For a recent comment on "back-room" private schools, we are taken to task by an ex-schoolmaster.

Never, he assures us, would he send a child to an elementary school. Why? Because of "the vicious and brutal corporal punishment still meted out in the great majority of elementary schools."

We rather doubt if his adjectives can justly be applied to "the great majority" of State schools. We certainly have no doubt that the cane is still used in the great majority of private schools.

£43 a Day

Harry Woodford Mellor is a lucky man. Mr. Walkden, M.P., thinks he is far too lucky—and so do we.

Mellor is saving £43 a day by being in jail.

Fined £13,000 for a currency offence, he elected to go to prison for ten months and thus dodge the fine.

Not so Lucky

That case, and another, may well bring war time justice into contempt.

The second case concerns a chemist who was fined £3,000 for making cosmetics without a licence.

He couldn't pay, but offered £8 a week instalments from his income of £600 a year. His offer was refused, he has gone to jail and his business has been smashed.

So the taxpayers, instead of getting his £8 a week, must pay £4 a week to keep him behind bars.

The New Boss

No less ironic is the news about Sir Walter Prescott.

Recently fined £500 for a petrol offence, he resigned from the Bench. Now he has been elected chairman of a county council committee which controls Middlesex police courts.

A consolation prize, we presume.

Petrol for Dancing

The need to save petrol becomes more urgent every day. So the authorities should investigate an allegation that a three-ton post-office lorry was used to transport a dance band to a suburban hotel, where a G.P.O. Home Guard unit was staging high jinks.

We hope it isn't true—for an Army officer guilty of a similar extravagance has been dismissed the Service.

Divide by Twelve

No, we're not kill-joys. We feel strongly about the petrol question because we know something of the risks taken by seamen to bring the precious stuff to Britain. And we know the terrible fuel sacrifices made by the Russians.

A poor Soviet home, which used to burn six square yards of wood in the winter stove, is now rationed to half a square yard. Which means—to put it bluntly—misery.

Not at Home

Portsmouth ratepayers are complaining because eight councillors are absent on war service, though not all of them are in the Forces.

In some other districts it is notorious that public business has suffered because councillors and magistrates have moved into the country to escape air raids.

Temporary Posts

The question arises whether they should not be told to "Do your job or resign."

Such an ultimatum would clearly be unfair to those absent because of military service or war work.

But JOHN BULL sees no reason for not filling their places by deputies, who would automatically surrender their seats when the real holders returned.

Shelter Smells

Wimbledon's underground shelters, which cost £30,000, have been described by the police as "damp, foul, evil-smelling and unhealthy."

In this matter, too, much the same could be said of conditions in other towns.

True, street shelters have been improved. But if heavy raids were resumed it might be necessary to reopen alternative shelters—and many of them would be found unusable.

Best to Prepare

Efforts to improve fire guard arrangements seem to have made some local authorities forget other branches of A.R.P.

But rest centres, shelters and first-aid posts will still be necessary even if every incendiary bomb be tackled on impact.

Behind the News

● Best baited peace trap Nazis have yet devised is on the way—an offer by German industrialists to financial circles in United Nations of overthrow of Nazi party from within in exchange for "cease fire and reconstruction co-operation."

● *Berlin tried to stop Spanish Foreign Minister visiting Premier Salazar of Portugal. When this failed, Himmler flew to Madrid but failed to secure interview with Franco.*

● Nazi Ambassador Von Papen is for the "high jump" if present negotiations for Turco-Soviet-U.S.A.-British pact of friendship are successful.

● Russian guerillas, having killed more than 100,000 Germans, are diverting nearly 750,000 front line Nazis to the task of safeguarding rear lines.

● *Hitler's failure to reach oil has laid up several thousand tractors in the Ukraine, though Goering had staked everything on Ukraine food production.*

● In recent weeks, number of guerillas in Rumania is thought by Nazis to have been doubled.

● Japan's dwindling faith in Axis victory in Europe seems to account for absence of Jap representatives from recent meetings of Axis diplomats and statesmen.

● *Complete closing down of Italian industries is one of the plans Hitler has laid before Mussolini to relieve transport difficulties and dissuade us from bombing Italy!*

● Dr. Ehrich, Nazi Gauleiter in Italy, is to be invested with diplomatic status and put outside Italian law—the first move to establish the rights of a self-contained Geman minority in Italy.

● More German occupation troops are being drafted into the Marseilles region because of French patriot activities.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BY THE EDITOR

RESOLUTION No. 1

NOT only individuals but whole nations sometimes have to make good resolutions.

There is need for Britain to make one now.

Let it be resolved to give fair play for all Servicemen and their dependants, for all the bereaved, for all the war-injured!

We can all make that resolution. The important thing is to keep it.

It was passed unanimously once before—in the last war. But it wasn't kept. Most people were content to leave its underwriting to Charity.

Earl Haig was one of those who subscribed to that error. He should have fought for a square deal; he should have forced the State to care for his men who had saved Britain; he should have refused to pass round the hat, which thus made them appear no better than beggars.

This, let us vow, shall never happen again.

But we must be quick to translate our words into action.

For already it is beginning to happen again!

The hat is going round. Well-meaning people implore alms for the relatives of the fallen, for the men maimed on the field of battle, for the men and women and children disabled by bombs at home.

JOHN BULL opposes such schemes.

We want aid for the deserving. But we want it as a right, not as a favour.

Remember the Battle of Britain. Remember those victorious R.A.F. lads—the few to whom so much is owed by so many.

Then remember how you were asked to mark the second anniversary of that fateful battle by giving alms to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund!

And similar appeals are published each week. Appeals for charity—charity for the children of men who are dying daily that we might live!

Certainly there could be no finer cause than the protection of the families of our dead airmen.

But it is not a cause that should depend on the odd shillings of the generous-hearted.

It is a national obligation. It is a debt of honour that the entire country must honour. Therefore, the Government should make provision for it to be properly and adequately discharged.

Think next of the soldiers dying in Libya and Tunisia. Think of the sailors lost in convoy duties or drowned in "overdue" submarines.

Well, there are the Earl Haig Homes. They give shelter to ex-Service families who cannot pay for a roof over their heads.

There is King George's Fund for Sailors, which caters for "large numbers of cases" where aid is needed by the dependants of our naval casualties.

They are excellent institutions, but how they shame the nation they serve!

We must bestir our conscience. We must insist that the Government, in the name of all of us, grants to every Serviceman's family the decencies of life.

Time and time again in these pages the truth about war pensions has been told.

There should be no need to recall all those wicked cases in which pensions have been denied to the parents of killed soldiers, sailors and airmen.

No need to repeat that, to get a few miserly shillings a week, parents must face an inquisition.

Nor shall we reprint the monstrous examples of official parsimony which denies pension to young men who, passed fit on recruitment, have later been discharged from the Forces because of serious illness.

It must now be plain to all that, as an M.P. has declared, "there is hardly a village in the country" where a pension has been granted only after sordid wrangling or refused altogether.

So, as a first step in carrying out Britain's Resolution No. 1, the whole system of war pensions must be more extensive in scope and more humane in operation.

Not only, be it noted, for ex-Servicemen and their families.

There are the civilian victims of war.

We must make speedy and unstinting provision for the children orphaned or hurt, the adults injured, in enemy air attacks.

No longer should we tolerate the disgrace by which people who have lost a limb have been fobbed off with a few shillings a week.

For all the disabled, from whatever cause, we must push on with the task of equipping them with the means of earning a good living.

Recently, JOHN BULL told how 35,000 broken people have been mended for a fresh start in life, how special factories have been opened for them.

But we must speed up the job of making them fit and happy. We must not be left behind by New Zealand, which is willing to spend up to £6 a week on each disabled fighting man.

Not one of those victims of war should be left to the cold mercy of Charity!

We should make the same demand, moreover, on behalf of all those who are now too old to fulfil a part in industry.

There are tens of thousands of men and women who, having given the State a lifetime of loyal service or raised the children the State requires, are now condemned to back-room poverty.

For some of them—a few of them—there may be a chance of receiving grudging charity.

They may be lucky in some fiercely contested ballot for a place in an almshouse, there to live on charity until they die.

Lord Soulbury, who is chairman of the Assistance Board, waxed almost lyrical recently when he spoke of homes for the aged.

We understand his feelings We are all glad to think that some of the aged are well-housed.

But should we not be easier in mind if all the aged were guaranteed freedom from want and worry, and if they did not have to parade their poverty in order to get their old-age pension increased by a supplementary grant?

THERE is but one way in which we can salve our conscience on that score.

Old-age pensions must be raised to an adequate standard for all!

At the same time, we owe it to ourselves who are still at work and to all the men and women who will return to industry from the Forces, that adequate rates of pay shall be established in every trade.

Throughout our social structure there must be an end of the hardship that Charity seeks to lessen.

Let us secure, here and now, the Social Justice which is the nation's right. And let that be the nation's first resolution in the fateful year now dawning.

Here's a Toast to Lord Woolton!

DID you remember Lord Woolton in your Christmas toasts?

Perhaps you didn't. Perhaps you reminded yourself that he'd failed to allow you—or even the youngsters—any extra tit-bits for Christmas.

Perhaps you felt resentful about lack of a turkey.

★ ★ ★

And so forgot to be grateful to him for what you had.

Make no mistake, Lord Woolton is just beginning to breathe freely after a three-months' ordeal that would have shaken any man.

He is the sole importer of foodstuffs to this country.

They don't allot him much in the way of ships. They are wanted for sterner duties.

He is forced to cadge all the space he can get on vessels bringing men and munitions.

Sometimes he steals cases of eggs and milk aboard like a smuggler cheating Customs.

Then suddenly an immense amount of shipping had to be diverted to carry the men and munitions that have stolen the initiative from Hitler in the Mediterranean.

And this just before Christmas, when people were clamouring for the Food Minister to do a Santa Claus act.

On top of that there was a deliberate attempt to sabotage his fish zoning scheme.

He sought to give the ordinary housewife a better chance of buying the small fish supplies available.

But somebody—the responsibility has yet to be fixed, and is certainly going to be fixed—tried to smash the whole scheme.

Key towns were suddenly starved of proper supplies.

As Food Minister, he has always had the air of a jovial, good-hearted chef.

But now he became stern.

He turned round and admitted that three cities were short of good fish through initial defects in the scheme.

As to the rest, he alleged manipulation. There is a worse-sounding name for it in war time.

He showed fight.

And so survived the worst crisis in his career as Food Minister.

★ ★ ★

Big interests in other food trades detected that new air of sternness.

It frightened other *saboteurs*.

All this and much more was happening while you were wondering whether he would release Christmas luxuries for your table.

Then a shout went up: "Fill the ships returning empty from Africa with Algerian wines and other luxuries."

But he has to be more far-sighted than most of us.

He filled them with fertilisers instead.

Yes, fertilisers, to give us more potatoes and more carrots!

What can you think of a man like that?

But Lord Woolton knew that the few luxuries he could bring in wouldn't make life happier for the average man and woman—who, after all, are the people he has to serve.

★ ★ ★

He's not so much concerned with the luxury restaurant—who would benefit most from the importation of grapes and wines.

And he knew that we would want those extra potatoes and carrots.

Remember that Lord Woolton has to look very far ahead.

The war ends for you when victory is won and the lads come home.

Not for Lord Woolton.

Bringing them home means still fewer ships.

And more mouths to feed.

And the necessity of saving as many as possible of Europe's fast-starving millions.

But to come down to brass tacks—did you toast him at Christmas?

If not, do it now.

There's no man who will get less praise for his job—because we are all informed critics in the matter of our own food.

But there's no man who gets fewer curses. And deservedly.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. MALCOLM McCORQUODALE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Very soon, I expect, you will begin the most drastic call-up of men and women for industry we have yet experienced.

You will defeat your own ends if, while rounding-up private citizens because of the great shortage of labour, you fail to lasso the muddlers who waste labour.

I found a hint of coming action in your recent speech at Glasgow.

"It has been definitely proved," you said, "that two part-time workers in war industry produce more than one full-time worker."

Therefore, no doubt, your Ministry aims at directing large numbers of married women with household duties to take up part-time work in the factories.

But will managements be willing to employ them?

I know of women in many parts of the country—even in such great industrial areas as London and the Midlands—who have volunteered for part-time work and have been turned away.

In some cases, indeed, they have even been insulted.

I have reason to think that quite a few such cases are personally known to you. And I dare say you have also met quite a few factory managers who find it "too much trouble" to organise a rota for part-time workers.

I hope to hear, therefore, that you and your strong-armed chief, Mr. Bevin, are planning to take such managers by the neck and shake some sense into them.

Next, what about full-time workers? We urgently require many more of them. And many more are available.

Much fuss has been made because Croydon Council is asking for the deferment of 500 borough officials of military age.

What is true of Croydon is also true of local authorities up and down the country.

Just look round the council offices, council gas and electricity showrooms!

Then look round Whitehall itself. Look at the thousands of men and women who have been engaged as "temporaries." Men and women, many of them, who have to make an hour's work last a whole day and then are paid overtime in addition.

Men and women taken from real jobs in industry to flatter the vanity of some official fool who likes to boast of the size of his Department!

Finally, boldness and firmness must be shown in solving the problem of the young, childless wives of Servicemen—girls with no home responsibilities, but who hitherto have been absolved from war work.

Industry needs them. And I think they will be found as willing as their menfolk to help their country.—JOHN BULL.

Brig.-Gen. IRA EAKER, C.-in-C. U.S. Bombers

DEAR GENERAL,—I'm told that even you were startled when your assistants worked out the full results of the American raid on Romilly-sur-Seine.

Once again your Fortresses and Liberators had blacked both Goering's eyes and made our own eyes glisten.

After thirty-eight hours' careful check it was clear that forty-four enemy 'planes had been destroyed. And that figure represented an absolute minimum.

It is true that, last October, the Fortresses did even better at Lille.

Then, forty-eight enemy fighters had been shot down, thirty-eight probably destroyed, and nineteen badly damaged—an astonishing total of 105.

But your raid the other day covered a far greater distance; your aircraft flew well beyond Paris to attack the largest tank depot in Europe.

Not merely has it been proved that adequately armed and speedy *heavy* bombers are a match for the fastest fighters the Germans can put into the air.

An attacking fighter, for instance, may be subjected to a fire of some 50,000 bullets a minute from Fortresses flying in stepped-up formation.

And thereby it has been demonstrated that mass daylight bombing can be made a vital factor in our air strategy.

Such bombing is certainly more precise, than night bombing.

None the less, you will agree that the R.A.F.'s night bombing is still essential. And the fine performance of your crews brings nearer the time when the enemy will be bombed all round the clock.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Milk supply must be your prime concern this year.

Quantity must be maintained—if possible, increased. Quality should be improved.

That is your aim. But your present methods are not effective.

You allow the authorities concerned to put the cart before the cow, so to speak.

They seem to be concentrating on pasteurisation instead of stopping infection at source.

That can only be done by making sure that dairy stock are clean and healthy.

Tuberculin-tested milk reaches only a tiny minority of the public. Pasteurised milk—broadly speaking—comes only from the largest depots.

It would demand an enormous amount of equipment and a great deal of money to pasteurise the entire supply. And it shouldn't be necessary to attempt anything of the sort.

Unquestionably, T.T. milk is better than pasteurised milk. I want every dairy herd in the country to be a T.T. herd, and thus avoid the need for pasteurisation.

So improve the inspection of dairy cattle. Weed out the rotten stock. And thus make milk the safest as well as the best of foods.—JOHN BULL.

ADOLF HITLER, Not at the Front

SIR,—Not even your egoism could colour this New Year with a rosy tinge.

You are still master of Europe. You are planning, I do not doubt, a last desperate stroke at the bonds which are slowly tightening around you.

But more significant than any designs you may have against our positions in Africa, or Gibraltar, or even Britain itself, the recall of military chiefs from the Balkans shows how acute have become the fears that must haunt you.

You called those generals to conference, not to prepare an offensive, but to guard against invasion.

You have so many countries to guard, and in Italy and the Balkans you have not had time to prepare an adequate defence.

Can you trust the Italian troops in Italy and Greece? They are weary of war. Can you trust the Bulgarians ensconced in Thrace? They are more pro-Russian than pro-German.

In Yugo-Slavia and Albania, your troops are kept at bay by guerillas.

And in the greatest battlefield of all, the Soviet forces are advancing like a flood.

Long ago you swore not to take off your corporal's jacket until Russia had been subjugated. You will have to wear it all this year, a year in which you will be attacked from more directions than the East, a year that may well be the most disastrous in all your people's history.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

The Myth of Millions

I HAVE known casually in my time a number of rich men. But I have known intimately only one man who thought and lived in terms of millions.

He was William Clifford Gaunt, the Bradford man who rose from obscurity to the pinnacle of industrial might, then sank again into obscurity—a poor and disillusioned man.

When I first knew him "Willy" Gaunt was not poor—according to my standards.

The floor of his huge drawing-room was covered with a carpet which had cost £1,500 in New York; there were valuable pictures on the walls of his study; and the Yorkshire mansion he lived in was full of those things which only riches can buy.

★ ★ ★

I don't think those possessions brought him happiness. Years later when he was living in a small stone-built house I spent a few days with him.

He had no maid, and I remember vividly the meal we prepared together—he fried sausages, while I did my best with a salad.

As we washed up afterwards I mused on the fact that at one time William Gaunt was worth so many millions that he hardly knew to a million what he had.

His weekly bill at a famous London hotel had been as high as £600. Once he signed a cheque for nearly £2,000,000 for the entire Punta Arenas wool crop. He had so much money that he never carried any!

I talked with him many hours in those days when around him were strewn the ruins of the industrial empire he had created. In the building of that structure he had sacrificed leisure, home-life, health and happiness.

★ ★ ★

That is not my opinion. It was his. He did not whine. But there was in him a certain bitterness. Men he had made, when he had the power to make and unmake men, passed him by on the other side after the crash.

He once confessed to me that he doubted whether his millions had ever brought him *true* happiness.

He realised too late the penalties of immense wealth. And he said that to ensure happiness no man should have more than £5,000 a year.

He, the master of millions, was in turn mastered by those millions.

And from his blunt Yorkshire philosophy I learned one thing which, I hope, will always stand me in good stead—that the pursuit of money and the acquisition of money can exact too high a price.

And it taught me more. It proved that a man can be bigger than wealth or poverty.

★ ★ ★

William Gaunt, shopping in the great covered market at Leeds, bargaining here, selecting there, and stuffing bacon, meat, vegetables into a large string bag, was just as confident and self-assured as the William Gaunt who dominated the woollen industry of the West Riding.

He has just died. The newspapers told their readers something of the spectacular side of his life—his big industrial gambles, his sensational rise and fall.

But they did not give a picture of the real William Gaunt, or the regrets that were his in the eventide of life.

They weren't regrets for the lost millions; they were regrets for wasting so much time amassing those millions to the exclusion of the things money can't buy.

★ NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—3. *This week it is the full yarn of what will probably go down in war history as one of the most dramatic ends to an escape attempt by some of our lads who were captured in the East Africa campaign*

Like Waking from a Nightmare!

By FRANK STUART

ADI UGRI was an Italian prison-camp in Africa—in the days when the Italians still had some colonies!

It was just a village, high up on the Hamasen Plateau, 8,000 ft. above the sea, in the midst of what is known to the natives as "The Plain of the Thousand Villages." An excellent place for a prison-camp, because, long before any escaping man could leave that grassy plain, aircraft could hunt him down. . . .

This, however, did not perturb some British officers, prisoners there, who had decided to make a break for freedom.

So they set about the job.

Thirty-three of them, there were—a mixed bag of best Empire Blend. They were confined in a big tin hut, inside a log and wire stockade.

The log wall could not be climbed without a ladder, but, to make things surer, the wires were naked and loaded with enough electricity to kill a man.

Armed sentries patrolled inside and outside the wall, and machine-gun points commanded every clear space.

"The weak point is the floor, of course," said the flying officer who hatched the plan.

The rest of them stared at the floor. It was 8-in. concrete, recently resurfaced for their special benefit with pure cement.

This is the kind of camp in which the officers were imprisoned. The men in this picture were interned near Addis Ababa

Disclosed his Treasure

In the foul-smelling hut, by the light of the native lamp, the speaker disclosed his treasure—a clasp-knife he had managed to smuggle in with him.

They got to work chipping the floor. Every particle of dust was swept up and hidden in pockets. When anyone came in, a prisoner sat on the work to hide it.

One after another, they took their turns. Painfully, they scratched a groove too deep and long to hide. It was filled with mud made of concrete—dust and spittle.

At about this time a new prisoner joined them—a South African Air Force pilot. He had very nearly escaped on his own.

After being shot down, he was given a meal as a guest at the Italian airmen's mess. They had a pleasant evening, and after singing some convivial songs he left the place unhindered, strolled down to the aerodrome, climbed into the cockpit of a Caproni fighter, and started the engine before he was rushed by ground-staff men.

After this disappointment he threw himself into the new escape plot with great keenness.

They cut through a fair-sized plate of concrete and levered it out of the floor. Then they began on other holes. Week after week, the work went quietly on.

It became exceedingly difficult to hide the operations from Italian eyes. Spoof was necessary.

So the prisoners obtained permission to lay out a Rugby football ground in their exercise yard.

By the mercy of Providence the Italians seemed to know very little about Rugby football, and strange things went on thereafter under the guards' indulgent and amused eyes.

Strange Happenings

The prisoners managed, by several days' labour, to cut the leg off an iron bedstead. This they used for an excavating tool.

They planned to dig a tunnel about 130 ft. long and 4 ft. in diameter. Quite a lot of earth comes out of a tunnel this size.

This earth was placed, at first, in a gigantic iron cooking-pot they used to prepare their meals. Then they got permission to "build an earth stove" in their prison hut.

It tickled the Italians to see these officers sweating day after day, week after week, constructing an "earth stove" that never seemed to get finished. Of course, it fell in sometimes. What could you expect from the mad English!

The earth was conveyed in the cooking-pot out on to the "Rugby football ground." Men worked industriously raising earth goals. Presently, they got daring, and put in prettily shaped mounds and bunkers here and there, as hazards to the pitch.

To add verisimilitude to an unlikely story, they often turned out and had games of Rugby, using a cushion as a ball.

They made the Italian sentries laugh. Such funny games the damned English play, *corpo di Bacco*!

They were, too, though the sentries didn't know it! For the tunnel was now progressing at the rate of more than a foot a day.

Not ——— likely

It was an exceedingly dangerous sort of tunnel. It had bits of rotten board for props. Ventilation was provided by a particularly ingenious contrivance—a tube of jam tins with top and bottom removed, through which air was blown from the surface.

But that meant bellows.

Was the absence of such a little thing as a pair of bellows going to stop our Swiss Family Robinson? Not ——— likely!

So they made some bellows of wood and a sheet stiffened with flour and water. They wheezed and they leaked and they crackled, but they kept the men down in the tunnel alive and working.

Whether the Italians got suspicious about this time, or whether they just got cussed, I don't know. But they began the practice of taking away all boots at night—not to clean, but so that the prisoners couldn't escape.

A barefoot white man can't walk far in Africa.

So the officers went on Fagin's lay, boot stealing. With most infinite care, a pair here, an odd boot there, they stole enough footwear for each to have a pair of oddly assorted and ill-fitting boots. They hid them down the tunnel.

After nearly four months' ceaseless work, with raw and blistered hands, earth-grimed skins, almost exhausted lungs, the tunnel was completed.

Came a wonderful night when the exit at the far end was opened among some bushes outside the stockade and wire that enclosed their hut, out of sight of the parading sentries.

Only remained, now, to wait for a moonless night, and then make a break for it.

In that last period of delay these plots usually break down. Nerves stretched to snapping-point often give way. A word, a look, a needless outburst of temper, gives the whole show away.

Of course, there followed a number of brilliant, moonlit nights. A dark night came at last. It was drizzly, cold, pitch black.

The thirty-four men stood ready, in stolen boots, in the stale darkness of the overcrowded tin hut. They raised the camouflage from the top of the tunnel. Someone stood by to work the bellows.

The leader went into the tunnel. On hands and knees he went, with the clasp-knife in his teeth. The earth smelt dank. He had to avoid the board props with infinite care in that underground black, one fallen prop might bring down the tunnel and block it.

The rest of them heard him dragging himself along. Another followed. Then another.

The bellows seemed to creak and cough loud enough to be heard at Alexandria. Outside, you could hear the sentries' feet thudding as they tramped by.

Seemed Endless

The leader, his mouth tainted with earth which trickled past the knife he gripped there, felt as one feels in a nightmare. It seemed that the tunnel had become endless. Nothing to see—nothing to smell but earth—a painful, almost silent progress round rotting boards. . . .

Like being buried alive, or waking in a coffin. . . .

His head came out into drizzling rain and wet grass. He hauled his legs out; stood up with tigerish care.

Another head emerged from the earth behind him.

Slowly, like corpses rising, earth-stained, the whole company emerged and were counted.

While they were deciding to break into groups and creep away separately, Bedlam broke. The pitchy, drizzling night was lighted with searchlights, the flashes of rifles, the chatter of machine-guns.

The men felt that cold stones had sunk into their stomachs. The Italians must have discovered their absence, and then lost their heads and fired off everything they had to raise the country round.

Blazing Light

The din increased.

"Better make a bolt for it and trust that some of us will make the grade," the leader said.

But before any man could act on his words a blazing light shone into their faces, bumped and rattled forward blinding them . . . and went by to one side. An armoured car had passed.

A dark mass of men came running through the darkness. They carried rifles and bayonets. Italians. . . .

The leader of the escaping prisoners raised his knife, and his lips went back in a silent snarl not nice to see. In such an anti-climax a man must either fight or cry.

"Inglese — Inglese — we surrender, *amigos*—we surrender!"

They were throwing down their rifles—holding up their hands above their heads, white blobs in the darkness.

The prisoners blinked at them.

And then, through the night, the rumbling armoured car came back on its tracks. Piercing searchlights—*English voices*. . . .

The British had advanced and stormed the camp!

NEXT WEEK:
THE NURSEGIRL'S TALE

HERO IN HIDING

BRITAIN'S young airmen training in Canada may not know it, but they are not very far from the hide-out of a hero they'd be thrilled to meet.

He is Roy Brown, and the exploit which took him into the world's headlines in the last war occurred when, as captain in a Canadian unit of the British air force in France, he was guarding a flight of reconnaissance 'planes.

Out of the blue there dropped on Brown and his flock a hell-bent string of twenty-two German Fokkers—the dreaded Flying Circus of Baron von Richthofen.

Seven of the Canadians, piloting what our fledgling airmen training in Canada to-day would regard as suicide kites, gave battle to the Huns.

The eighth, Lieutenant May, who was making his first patrol flight, had shot down one of the Fokkers in the first minute, and, under orders, was making for home.

Two people saw him go.

One was von Richthofen. The other, Roy Brown.

Richthofen "peeled off" from the combat and chased what he expected would be his 81st victim.

He wounded May and was closing in for the kill when Roy Brown came up beneath the tail of the Fokker and opened fire with his Vickers guns.

As the bullets sliced into the cockpit the Fokker gave a sudden lurch, seemed to falter, then plunged into a dive.

Richthofen, one of the most famous air aces of all time, had been shot through the heart, and he crashed behind the French lines.

The man who killed him is living quietly in retirement on a Canadian farm, where our young trainees may be able to find him if they look hard enough.

'1918' IS WRITTEN ON THE WALLS!

IN Belgium, where the "V" sign originated, a new symbol is appearing on the walls and pavements. It merely says: *1918*.

Everybody understands what it means.

This time, not even the master-trickster Goebbels will succeed in twisting its meaning as he did with the "V." There aren't two ways of interpreting "1918."

It was the year of the German defeat and retreat, the year of the German revolution and collapse, the year of the liberation of Belgium and Northern France.

This war started almost exactly twenty-five years after the last one began. It's not certain, but quite possible, that it will finish, at least in Europe, twenty-five years after the last one ended.

* * *

But, let us make no mistake about it; this year 1943 will probably overshadow, not only in importance but also in cruelty, all the preceding three years.

That applies particularly to the occupied countries in Europe. Only the certainty of eventual liberation will make it bearable.

Hunger will become the worst of the ordeals.

Terrible though it will be, it will not change the feelings of the people in the occupied countries towards the invaders or us. They have made up their minds. They hate the enemy and pray for our victory.

All the same, everyone who has managed to escape from France, Belgium, Holland, Norway or the Balkans in recent months has warned us that hunger, to some degree, inevitably paralyses the spirit of active resistance.

* * *

Hunger will, too, drive thousands more men and women from occupied countries into the factories and mines of Germany.

There they will toil for the enemy, but also contribute, together with the millions of foreign and native slaves already inside Germany, in spreading defeatism and hate against the masters of the "New Order."

Then the more the Nazis realise that defeat is inevitable the more appalling will be the cruelties they will perpetrate.

With this difference: instead of doing it themselves, they will, more and more, force their local quislings to do the beastly work.

Quislings can be easily blackmailed.

They know that they are doomed if the Allies win. They know that their own people would show them no mercy.

* * *

When Terboven, Hitler's Gauleiter in Norway, decided to carry out a purge among Norwegian patriots in Trondhejm, he did not use his own Gestapo or S.S. He ordered the local Hirdmen, members of the Quisling Party, to do the job.

They chose, arrested and executed the victims, while the Germans merely acted as advisers and kept in the background.

When some Hirdmen became horrified and frightened and tried to break away, they were ruthlessly wiped out.

That is the way which all quislings in all occupied countries will have to go.

Everywhere the Germans will compel them to act on their behalf so as to turn the fury of the oppressed people, as much as possible, on them.

And on the eve of the German collapse and retreat the Nazis will run away and leave their tools in the lurch.

"1918," the new writing on the walls in occupied Europe, means defeat of the invaders and liberation of the oppressed nations.

But some Nazis may think it also means that, like twenty-five years ago, the war-criminals have a good chance to escape punishment, especially if they succeed in making local traitors act on their behalf.

But the Allies will see to it that, at least in this respect, 1918 will not repeat itself in 1943—or whenever the end comes.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

NEW YEAR AND THE NE

★ *Is the outline of the promised land taking shape . . . have we come to the threshold of 1943 with any clear plans? These are the questions, so important in the general strategy of victory, dealt with*

By A. G. GARDINER

LET us bid farewell to the old year with thanksgiving. It brought the world great tidings. Let us greet the New Year with uplifted hearts. It brings the world a great promise.

This does not mean that victory is just round the corner. It may still be remote. But, as General Smuts said the other day, it may come soon, "suddenly and smashingly." It must not find us unprepared as it found us in 1918.

Then, apart from President Wilson's "fourteen points," no scheme of world reconstruction had been propounded. We went into the Peace Conference without an agreed policy. The result was the catastrophe that culminated in this war.

Last time the tragedy was that natural joy was all that was really ready for victory

* * *

This tragedy must not be repeated. Nor do I think it will be.

WE KNOW THAT VICTORY IN THE WAR IS NOT THE END, BUT THE BEGINNING, OF OUR TASK. WE KNOW THAT THE OLD WORLD ORDER HAS PASSED AWAY AND THAT A NEW WORLD ORDER IS COMING TO BIRTH.

In this great agony of humanity, mighty truths have burst upon us with blinding force—not in this land only, but in all lands.

We know that war and civilisation can no longer co-exist on the earth. We know that, in Litvinoff's great phrase, "peace is indivisible."

The reign of law and justice must prevail over the whole earth or it must perish over the whole earth. The old isolationism is dead for ever, not in America only, but in all lands.

Henceforth the world is one for good or evil. It is one under the rule of Right or of Might—under the Satanism of a Hitler or a Tojo or under the sanctions of civilisation. In this war we are fighting for the soul of man. We are fighting to decide whether the world shall be Slave or Free.

* * *

And in this revelation of what is at stake, other great truths have flashed upon us with a new urgency. We see that Hitlerism is the poisonous fruit of the social and economic evils that afflict the world.

If peace, security and good will are to be established on earth, it is not enough to destroy international banditry and substitute law for war in the relations of nations.

We must abolish the social and domestic wrongs that lie at the root of the world's unrest. Those wrongs—exploitation, privilege, poverty, insecurity—press with varying weight on different communities, but all nations bear them in some measure, and in the new world order they must have no place.

The economics of scarcity must give place to the economics of abundance. Social justice, equality of opportunity, a minimum standard of life, the avoidance of the gluts and shortages that disorganise trade and produce unemployment—these things are as vital to the peaceful organisation of the world as the elimination of war.

It was of these things that Mr. Henry Wallace, the American Minister of Agriculture, was thinking when he remarked recently that the future belongs to "the common man."

* * *

It cannot be said that either aspect of world reconstruction is being neglected. As to the first, the Atlantic Charter, the Anglo-Soviet Treaty, the Lend-Lease Agreement and the Draft Wheat Convention are all evidences of a unity of purpose that should prevent a repetition of the Tragedy of Versailles.

A peace policy is taking shape, and Mr. Eden has given us reason to expect that the blue-print will be ready by Armistice Day.

As to internal reconstruction, the Barlow, Scott, Uthwatt and Beveridge reports have foreshadowed a policy that should make the social structure of this country a model of the new world order in its domestic aspects.

* * *

BUT IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO HAVE A POLICY WHEN PEACE COMES. WE MUST HAVE THE RIGHT PROCEDURE. NOTHING CONTRIBUTED MORE TO THE FAILURE OF THE PEACE OF VERSAILLES THAN THE HASTE WITH WHICH IT WAS REACHED. THE CONFERENCE MET ON THE MORROW OF THE WAR AND WAS POISONED BY THE FUMES OF WAR.

That mistake must not be made again. There must, as Mr. Sumner Welles has said, be a long armistice between the War and the Peace Conference. During this interregnum the United Nations must police the world, feed the starving nations and salvage the wreck that the murder gang have made of the earth.

EW WORLD

The reign of law and justice must be re-established. The criminals who have made a shambles of Europe must be tried and punished. All that is recoverable of the loot which the brigands have stolen from the ravaged countries must be restored.

We hear much of "Justice to Germany." We must take care that she gets it—strict justice, stern justice. But we must see that her millions of victims have justice, too.

Much of the evil is irrevocable. We cannot call back the dead to life. We cannot assuage the sorrow and misery of these awful years.

But we can bind up the wounds of mankind. We can restore order, give back the homes to the homeless, free the enslaved, feed the orphan and the widow, return the raped lands to their owners.

★ ★ ★

THESE THINGS MUST BE DONE WITH THE UTMOST SPEED, ON AN AGREED PLAN AND WITHOUT WAITING FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

When the Conference meets the policy of the United Nations should be settled and agreed in all its major features. It will set up the structure of the new world order and provide the international securities against the recurrence of the horrors which have brought the old order to the ground.

War will be outlawed and competitive armaments abolished. International disputes will be adjudicated by the international courts and the exercise of force will be restricted, as in civil life, to the collective police charged with securing the administration of justice and the maintenance of peace.

The air, which knows no boundaries, will be internationalised, and the navies, under certain guarantees imperative in the case of island Powers, would be the backbone of the international police system.

Equality of access to the raw materials of the world will be assured, and co-operation in the establishment of common social standards of life, labour and health encouraged.

Britain, the United States, Russia and China will be the quadrilateral on which the new World Order will rest, but the system will be open to all nations which accept its conditions.

This will apply even to enemy Powers. Retribution there will be, and reparation to the last ounce that wisdom and policy dictate. But revenge there must not be. As Lord Halifax said the other day, there must be a place in the new World Order for a Germany that has been cured of its gospel of barbarism.

★ ★ ★

DOES THIS SOUND AN IMPRACTICABLE DREAM OF WORLD PLANNING? IT CALLS FOR GREAT SURRENDERS BY ALL, NOT LEAST BY US. BUT IF THE QUADRILATERAL STANDS FIRM IN THIS GREAT ENTERPRISE OF WORLD BUILDING IT CAN BE DONE.

And remember the alternative. It is the death-warrant of civilised life on this planet. Only in this way can we avert the doom. Only in this way can we

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

Hitler Relied on Myth of His Generals

★ Reverses which his armies are suffering mean more to Hitler than the immediate military set-backs involved. British hammer blows at Rommel's Africa Korps and Timoshenko's master strokes in Russia's offensive have destroyed the legend of invincible German generals.

General Hoth had the reputation of being the greatest panzer-pincer expert in military history

HITLER'S hopes of world conquest probably rested more on the skill of his generals than the size of his armies and the weight of their armaments.

To-day his armies are strained to the limit; his waning war production faces the still soaring output of the United Nations, and, more than ever before, Hitler is forced to look to his generals to perform a miracle.

It certainly looked as if they would never disappoint him. They were, all of them, impressive figures, men who had devoted a lifetime to the study of military science and carried on a tradition steeped in the blood of many wars.

They seemed fearful opponents.

Mr. Churchill himself acknowledged Rommel's skill. General Montgomery paid a high tribute to him.

The Legend Goes

But Rommel has been soundly thrashed. If he is really the best of present-day German generals, his defeat should help us to bury, once and for all, the legend that Prussian militarism always produces better generals than any other nation in the world.

To the Germans it was a useful legend. They fostered it to instil unshakable confidence into their own troops, to sow doubt about British leadership in the minds of Allied soldiers.

Look at a man like Bock, they would say to neutral observers, and they would quickly spread the news: Bock simply walked across Poland; wherever Hitler sent him Germany's enemies were on the run.

For a few months Bock's strategy drove even the valiant Russians back faster than any other army had ever retreated before.

Can you imagine Hitler's gratification as he watched Bock's armies turning his dreams of victory over Russia almost into reality?

If you can you will realise the depth of his disappointment when he realised that Bock could be stopped, that neither Moscow nor Stalingrad would accept the superiority of the supreme Nazi war-horse.

An Utter Failure

To-day, Bock, an utter failure on two Russian fronts, has disappeared in obscurity. Who would, to-day, say that he is invincible?

He may turn up again, still a formidable enemy. But we shall know that he can be beaten!

They made more fuss in Germany over little General Dietl than they ever made over any other of their war heroes. They called him "the victor of Narvik," and true enough he administered a painful defeat to British troops.

It has become quiet now around Dietl. He only commands three divisions now near Murmansk on the most northerly tip of the vast German front.

But his days of conquest are over and his only task now is to see that his allies, the war-weary, hungry Finns, stick to their guns.

In fear of Russian attacks any day, unable to deny Murmansk as principal supply port to the Allies, Dietl cuts a sorry figure. They have stopped calling him a victor now!

Let me remind you also of another German general's change of fortunes.

His name is Dollmann, and he must have felt grand when the Nazi radio announced that he was "Hitler's invasion general."

If you remember the days when a Nazi attack on Britain was expected almost daily you will appreciate what part Dollmann may have played in our lives.

His troops were gathered around Calais. A thousand invasion barges had been brought up the Loire and other rivers and were menacingly moored right opposite this country.

Dollmann was to lead them to the shores of Britain; on his marching orders the destination was marked: London

Now, the Nazis say, defence along the Channel is the most important part of their strategy. Dollmann, the invasion general, is probably scanning the water with his glasses, wearily waiting for Britain to attack.

The boot is on the other leg now!

Turn from the West to Russia once more. Think back only a few short months!

Eyes fixed on Stalingrad, the world watched Hoth, the German general with the reputation as the greatest panzer-pincer expert in military history.

Bitter Irony!

His pincers moved in on Stalin's city, ploughed their way forward relentlessly, closing in on Stalingrad.

What bitter irony! To-day Hoth, the pincer expert, has been caught in the Russian pincers. His army has been completely surrounded in one of those strategic master-movements of which he is a special expert.

It is not idle to recall, for instance, one of Germany's swiftest and most staggering victories of this war—the conquest of Holland.

German military writers gave credit for this victory to one of their "ideal air generals," Christiansen, who co-ordinated troop movements with a multiple paratroop assault, devised the terror-bombing of Rotterdam as a prelude to blitz-victory.

A whole country conquered, chiefly from the air, in five days! Surely Christiansen could lay claim on eternal military fame.

But if you could look at him to-day you would probably notice little enough of a conqueror's make-up. Christiansen remained on the scene of his triumph, became the Nazi military commander of Holland.

Latest reports, frank admissions from Nazi sources, indicate that Christiansen does not feel happy in Holland.

He and Seyss-Inquart, the quisling and civilian administrator, have just moved their headquarters farther inland. The Dutch coast, constantly under British attacks from the air, is no healthy place for Nazi heroes.

Christiansen has made the first move on the road back. He knows that his new quarters are only a station on his final flight.

It is not much different in the air! Men like Sperrle and Kesselring have left the Battle of Britain badly mauled.

But the people of London, Plymouth and Coventry whom their Luftwaffe squadrons tried to terrorise into surrender may feel that they have still an account to settle with them.

Well, they are being paid back in kind just now! Sperrle, still across the Channel, must watch his airfields being shot up every day. Kesselring, in the Mediterranean, is in danger of losing his job because he failed to save Rommel.

The circle has turned full swing!

But it would be foolish to underrate the German generals. All of them, like Rommel, are experts at the grim game of war, great military leaders indeed!

Can be Beaten

They may, they certainly will, give us many hard nuts to crack on the arduous way to victory.

But that is just the reason why we can rejoice. Allied armies and Allied military leaders have proved that they are as good as the best German generals.

And we all know now that these men can be beaten.

W. F.

CLOSE THE WAR CHARITY GAPS!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

MY investigators have been looking into the subject of war charities.

A waste of time, you might think, in view of the considerable recent legislation to curb irregularities.

Not at all. They came across much that was sound and honest, certainly.

The position to-day is that charitably minded people give all the more readily because they imagine adequate precautions have been taken to protect them.

For instance, there were those two cleaning-up Acts of Parliament introduced two years ago, after considerable agitation, in which this paper played no small part.

And it is an offence to collect for a war charity not registered with the local authority—which one assumes will withhold its licence unless everything is open and above board.

And many people run such charities without realising that they should have taken steps to register them under the War Charities Act!

Judge for yourself

People give from their hearts with greater confidence as a result of such measures.

But you may judge for yourself whether their confidence that all war charities are registered isn't sometimes sadly misplaced.

First, I will give you an example of how a war charity can still operate without proper registration.

There is a concern known as the Channel Islands Centre, of Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

I cite it as one which, though no doubt doing some good work, is unregistered and thus is without official status.

Its founder is Mr. George Vibert, of 27, Gideon Road, Clapham, London, who is also interested in a local movement of his own creation for the uplifting of boys.

As to the Channel Islands Centre, its object—as its name implies—was to give help, recreation and, if possible, shelter to Channel Islands people who are here as members of His Majesty's Forces.

Its sole premises comprise a moderately furnished establishment at the Lavender Hill address which also acts as a club for boys.

But there are many things about the Channel Islands Centre movement which puzzle me.

It has issued no accounts of money received.

It came into existence about eighteen months ago as a result of the combined endeavours of Mr. Vibert and a woman from the Channel Isles.

This woman has collected hundreds of pounds in the name of the Centre, but has latterly disassociated herself from Mr. Vibert's exclusive direction of affairs.

Recently she was raising from friends and general subscribers money Mr. Vibert said he wanted for structural alterations to the premises and the installation of a bathroom.

Mr. Vibert is said to be a man keen and well-intentioned, but the facts I have stated here show how necessary it is that all people like him should acquaint themselves with the provisions of the War Charities Act.

And now I want to refer to the laxity and lightness with which some of our greatest war charities—themselves absolutely beyond reproach—permit the small fry of the charity world to use their honoured names.

Their war work being tremendous, their need for money is desperate.

But I suggest that no matter how desperate their need becomes they should be most sparing in permitting the use of their names.

Use of names

Mr. G. Bell Taylor, of 45, South Norwood Hill, London, S.E.25, made use of the name of one of those fine charities recently.

He promoted a "Grand Christmas Draw."

The prizes were not so grand—the first being a parcel of unrationed goods valued at £2 10s.

Mr. Osbert Peake, Home Office Under-Secretary, must be prodded about the survey he promised

I find that he got permission from the charity concerned to use its name on his undertaking not to collect more than £10.

But he then proceeded to sell tickets quite indiscriminately.

The charity also stipulated that he should keep within the law and confine the sale of tickets to "members" only.

But what buyers were supposed to be "members" of frankly puzzles me.

Then there's the case of John Lester, who ran a sweepstake with the advertised hope of raising £10,000 for the gallant defenders of Stalingrad.

There, on the top of each ticket, was the name of a trusted and honourable war charity.

He distributed those tickets throughout the length and breadth of the country, and was recently fined for breaking the law by running an illegal lottery.

Before this happened he approached the same charity for permission to raise money by a dance—using its name, of course.

Permission was readily given, although inquiry would have revealed that Lester had been convicted on eleven occasions for fraud, false pretences and fraudulent conversion.

The whole system under which reputable charities give the use of their name to such people as Lester requires immediate overhaul.

Charity Concerts

When war charities are not properly registered, it is the duty of the Local Authority concerned to make enquiries about them and order their immediate registration or take other suitable action in accordance with the particular circumstances of each case.

Some local authorities are much stricter than others.

Money was recently raised, for instance, for the "Southend-on-Sea Merchant Navy Fund."

How much I don't know. Official enquiries were made, and it transpired that the scheme (subsequently closed down by the authorities) was not even registered by its promoter—a ship's steward named William John Nicholls, of Wenham Drive, Westcliff.

Then there are so-called charity concerts that are not worth the time and labour spent on their promotion "in Charity's name."

A concert held at Halifax recently was described as "on behalf of" a famous war charity. Of receipts totalling £118 14s., the charity received £7 8s. 9d.! The rest went in "expenses." Another concert yielded £416 8s.—and the charity received £169.

There should be a complete overhaul of war charities.

It is an extraordinary fact that there are 3,400 "Service charities" in London alone, all registered as having similar aims and objects.

There should be some combining of effort—and some weeding out.

And all should be compelled to provide properly audited accounts to a governing authority.

Take Action!

The control of charity appeals will never be really efficient until it is vested in such a central body, which should be responsible to the Charity Commissioners.

Local authorities may provide registration, but in too many cases they have proved powerless to establish first the need for or *bona fides* of the charities concerned.

And these reforms are required quickly.

The Home Office certainly promised a "survey" of the charity laws with the object of doing some such thing when the matter was raised in the House of Commons last June.

But nothing has happened yet.

SLIPPERY ADVISER

FOR sheer impudence a man called J. Templeton, trading as "Templeton's Greyhound Advisory Service," at 361a, Edgware Road, London, W.2, takes the cake.

He is sending unsolicited circulars to people offering to enrol them as regular subscribers to what he claims to be his "Exclusive Service."

He knows—and stresses the fact in varying sizes of black print—all about a dog that simply can't lose on a certain track on a certain day, and offers to impart the information to all and sundry for the sum of 10s.

So supreme is his confidence that, should the unexpected happen and the dog fail, he will, he says, send 12s. 6d. to clients

He even encloses a supposed "Guarantee" to this effect!

Well, readers who have been foolish enough to fall for such twaddle soon found that the dog whose name he sent them lost all right. Requests for the promised 12s. 6d. have been ignored.

I hope some action can be taken against this person, who, posing also as an "Owner-Breeder of High-Class Greyhounds," is quite unknown to the National Greyhound Racing Club.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

CAN WE EXPECT VICTORY IN 1943?

● I should be surprised if, by this time next year, an end has not come to the fighting in Europe.

At some unexpected moment, the German High Command, who are realists, will in my opinion decide that their heavy losses can no longer continue.

That, combined with the trouble at home, caused Germany's sudden appeal for an armistice last time.

Besides, one day soon, there will be a rising in the occupied countries from which Nazi troops will have to be withdrawn to defend Germany itself.

Largely, though, all this still depends upon the workers of this country and America. If they produce the overpowering air strength that is needed, Christmas, 1943, should mean peace on earth, if not good will to men—at least in Europe.

Driving out the Japanese from all the islands they have occupied may take longer.

SHOULD A WOMAN SIT AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE?

● Although Mrs. Roosevelt has suggested this, adding that the woman should be one who has contributed to the war effort, I frankly do not see why any woman, merely because she is a woman, should be chosen in place of a man.

Some feminists now overstate their case. They demand places for women everywhere.

Sane people, who believe in sex equality, would choose the best brains for any job regardless of the sex of the person possessing them.

Anyway, Madame Chiang Kai-shek seems to qualify for a place at the Peace Table. She has brains, courage and vision. No other woman stands out.

The same thing applies to Youth. Why, merely because someone is young, should he or she be chosen for anything? Or, on the other hand, merely because he is old?

ARE THE POGROMS HITLER'S No. 1 BLUNDER?

● Although it is true that nothing has—at last!—aroused world indignation so much as Hitler's prolonged and consistent persecution of unarmed, defenceless Jews, his No. 1 blunder was not that, but his attack on Russia.

I myself was moved to anger by his brutality to the Jews a few weeks after he obtained power in 1932. Then, though, it was the fashion to pooh-pooh talk of such things and to call it "only Jewish propaganda."

The war will not be won—nor will peace be solved—by the raising of hatred, however logical this may seem. It will be won by the skilful use of every possible weapon of attack in a cold-blooded and systematic manner.

If Hitler's persecution of the Jews ten years ago had been properly publicised, there might have been no war.

That, to a great degree, was brought about by the way in which he was praised abroad by mad "anti-Bolsheviks."

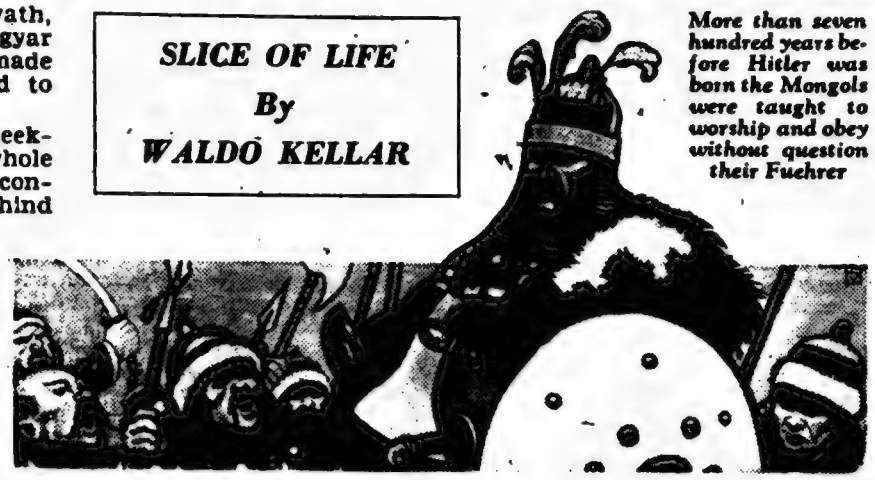
PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. L. R. Ashton, Hawkins Street, Liverpool, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or swindle, and should be addressed: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE CONQUEROR'S ASHES

SLICE OF LIFE
By
WALDO KELLAR



More than seven hundred years before Hitler was born the Mongols were taught to worship and obey without question their Fuehrer

I KNOW an old, old man named Horvath, a Hungarian of very ancient Magyar blood, whose face seems to be made out of antique vellum stretched to breaking point over a skull.

You can read, in the set of the cheek-bones and the slant of the eyes a whole strange and eventful history of bygone conquests; Attila's Huns left such faces behind them.

For, as you know, there was a time when the barbarians poured over the face of Europe and put the clock back four hundred years.

Horvath is a wise and cynical man, somewhat frozen in his emotions after seventy-five years of life, but never quite devoid of a certain acrid humour.

We had been talking of Hitler, of Napoleon, and of other men—including Alexander the Great—who seemed to come out of a thunder-cloud and burst upon a world waiting for conquest.

Horvath said: "You can mark my words, young man, these people will be forgotten and things that seem very little things in comparison will be remembered.

"DID you ever hear of the one they call Emperor of All Men? His name was Temujin and he was born in Mongolia. You are talking about this little man Adolf Hitler.

"Now let me tell you about Temujin. He is better known as Genjhis Khan. Now you listen to this":—

And Horvath went on . . .

This is the plain historical truth about the greatest of all conquerors. He was an unknown Mongol tribesman who was driven out of his place with his mother and no property but a horse or two.

Remember that. A man, alone in a world full of enemies, with only a horse and a bow and some arrows.

And the place where he was, I can tell you, was, and is, the most horrible desert in the world—the wildernesses of Outer Mongolia—the Gobi Desert, which is an absolutely unspeakable and murderous waste of rocks and sand, lashed by a red-hot wind in the summer and by an icy wind in the winter.

It is something like hell on earth. And imagine, in the middle of this, the young boy Temujin alone with a bow and arrow. And, quite simply, he set out to conquer the world.

This silly little Hitler.

Temujin, at sixteen years of age, was being hunted by his tribesmen. One day he found a friend. The two of them gave battle to six others, and took their arms and horses.

AND then, by sheer force of will and of personality, Temujin placed himself at the head of a little clan of Mongols. There was a mere handful of them. At their head, Temujin became, quite simply, King of Mongolia.

That was in the year 1175. In that year there really began the bloodiest career of conquest and of massacre that the world has ever known.

This is how the Mongols under Temujin made war: They attacked just like the Nazis attack now, always in a rapid offensive campaign based on rapid transport and shock tactics.

Temujin invented the war of movable lines, the fluid front. It was he who first developed the Line of Communication, the brilliantly organised system of supply. Long before Adolf Hitler shouted and boasted, Temujin trained children to war from the cradle.

The Mongol women were taught that they must hope for nothing greater than to give birth to warriors . . . long before this German nonsense. The Mongols were hardened to scanty rations and to tremendous marches.

More than seven hundred years before Hitler was born the Mongols were taught to worship and obey without question their Fuehrer—only they called him their Khakhan, which means King of Kings.

It was Temujin who invented military discipline, pincer movements, and flanking attacks, and flying columns.

When Temujin went to war he went at the business of killing with absolute ruthlessness. If he took a city he wiped out every man, woman and child in the place and smashed the city back into the dust, and then rode away.

He conquered China, Turkey, and the whole of Russia. His armies were composed of Mongols, flat-faced Tartars, and Seljuk Turks, and they thought nothing of a campaign lasting four or five years and a march of five thousand miles.

They returned loaded with the loot of the world. They were regarded—like the Germans—as irresistible.

Their record of conquest gave people a superstitious terror of them. With their powerful bows which they could fire with terrible accuracy from their fierce little horses, they cut down the flower of Christian chivalry.

So Temujin, who had started with nothing, became absolute dictator of all Asia, and much of Europe. He built himself a city called Karakorum.

It was the greatest city in the world . . . a strange, fantastic city of huts, tents, and palaces. It was a city so huge that nobody knew where it began or where it ended, or how vast it was.

And here Temujin sat, the most powerful man that this world, this battered old football of a world which has been so badly kicked about in time; the greatest individual that this world has ever seen.

JUST you think of this! He was powerful, like a god, from the Sea of Japan to the Baltic, and from the Baltic to the Black Sea . . . from Vladivostock to the Gates of Vienna. Measure that out on your map.

And prophets, priests and kings came to kiss his feet and do him homage.

And then, one day, he had a little pain. Yes, he knew that the old man with a scythe was coming for him. He was out on a campaign at that time, this King of all the world.

And he saw a very tall and beautiful pine tree, and, feeling very tired and alone, said: "That would be a good place for an old man to spend the rest of his days in." And he rode on, and he lay down, and he died; and they brought him back and buried him under that pine tree.

So his sons inherited the kingdoms of the world which they had helped him to conquer.

And years passed, and the Mongol armies weakened, and the Mongol kings went down, and the civilised peoples of the West beat them back, and what was the end of the story?

The greatest of all Empires, the Empire of the Mongols that Temujin had made, fell to dust, and the wind blew it away. Yes, that same wind which had come out of the Gobi Desert to destroy the world blew down the Empire of the Mongols. And what was left? Nothing. All the hoarded loot was scattered to the winds.

PERHAPS the gold of your wife's wedding ring was once a little bit of the treasure of Temujin, Emperor of all men. Perhaps a grain of dust that gets into your eye and makes you blink is a little bit of the mighty city of Karakorum—for Karakorum fell back into the desert and the desert covered it.

And nobody knows, now, where Temujin was buried, because time has eaten up his pine tree and all the people who remembered it. The only thing out of all his greatness that remains is a little code of laws that he made . . . just a few words out of all that!

It goes to show, young man, what the greatness of a conqueror is worth, and what kind of thing outlasts it!

Temujin is washed away with all his Khans. Only the story is left. And the time will come when Hitler, also, will be a story and nothing more.

The things that people want and need—these, alone, survive everything.

"Life is not long enough for us to let Time wash Hitler away," I said.

Horvath said: "No. For unless that which is good stands firm and fights, not even Time can conquer Evil . . . so go in and win."

No Sardines for Us!

YOU'VE noticed the way the boys and girls, when they're home on leave for ten days or so, jump out of their uniforms and jump into what's left of their glad rags of 1939.

It shows the right spirit.

Whatever new world follows the war, I suppose I shall accept it. But I can hope. And I hope the new world isn't a uniform world, with uniform citizens dressed in uniform clothes.

★ ★ ★

And I don't think it will be if the boys and girls have their way. "Not if we can help it!" they seem to say as, home for ten days, they grope in the wardrobe to find out what the moth has spared.

We're not sardines. At least we're not sardines yet. There's only the danger.

Uniforms are all right in war time. But the peace time Army consists of all kinds of things.

Or should I say that the last peace time Army, in the good days before the sardine menace reared its ugly head, consisted of all kinds of things?

Tinkers, tailors, lawyers, golf champions, comedians, piano-tuners, and the man who tried to sell you a carpet-sweeper.

Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and the rest of them.

Which, in my humble opinion, made things interesting.

I didn't mind Smith at all when he was playing the part of Smith as a kind of subdued star turn to an audience made up mostly of himself alone. Little bowler hat, little gloves, little spats, little moustache. Not *much* to look at, but something.

Variety being the spice of life, little Smith added his little bit to the variety.

Now, when you look at Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson it's a problem for you to sort them out.

There's no logical reason, I suppose, why a tinker should not dress like a comedian, why a stockbroker should not dress like both of them. It's only that odd kink, *individuality*, which makes the gent who tries to sell you a carpet-sweeper not want to look like a banana retailer.

But take individuality out of the human story and we all might as well *be* sardines.

★ ★ ★

As *things*—that is, as collections of arms and legs and heads and feet—I can't see we are very interesting. But as banana retailers and bee-keepers we are.

Which is why I hope the sardine menace will not grow in the Lovely New Days Ahead, why I'm glad to see the boys and girls rush to the wardrobe on their ten days' leave.

When we're not different we're dull.

Now they're in uniform you've got to look twice at Brown, Jones and Robinson to realise they're human individuals at all.

And three times at little Smith. Because even in the old days of bowler hat and spats you had to look twice at *him*.

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

WHO ARE YOU?

Do you know who you are?

A silly question? Maybe—but do you?

You may go on living in the same house—but you're never the same person who lives there.

That's why it's worth while pausing a moment to ask who you really are.

You see there are such a lot of people who are quite unaware that yesterday is past.

They try every morning to start off living to-day with yesterday's ideas, and they don't know either that to-morrow is already well on the way.

Now you can't be the same person to-day that you were yesterday. Your ideas change. Your knowledge changes. Your views of life change.

You change your whole outlook whether you know it or not, whether you like it or not. Even your body is always undergoing change.

You won't, therefore, be the same person to-morrow that you are to-day. You'll either have taken new ideas on board or you'll have tossed some old ones overboard.

Therefore you must keep always on the alert. Progress is going on all around you. Your job is to keep up with it.

If you can get a little ahead of it, all the better. But even to keep level is a big job that will need all you have.

IMMORTALS OF THE SQUADRONS.—6

★ *Introduces you to the "trickiest customer" the U-boats have to face from the air. He is Squadron-Leader Terence Malcolm Bulloch, D.F.C. and bar, D.S.O., who has probably attacked more submarines than any other airman in the world.*

By JOHN CASHEL

Trickiest Enemy of the U-boats

SO far the bag of this ace U-boat hunter of Coastal Command's fine pack must run into two figures.

How many he is credited with having sunk may never be known, certainly not during the war, as—except when there is sound reason—Britain does not announce such sinkings.

The Silence of The Unknown is considered a deadly weapon for cracking the morale of U-boat crews.

They know, despite what Dr. Goebbels tells them, that many of their boats do not return; yet no claim is made that they are sunk.

"What is their fate?" That dark question surviving crews must answer with no profit to themselves.

By more than any other British airman submarine-hunter they have been kept guessing by "Bull." or "The Bull," as No. 120 Squadron of Liberators calls its leader.

Thick-set, stocky, with virile voice and tough temperament, he is aptly nicknamed.

Yet no slick fighter, or pilot, or "electric hare" reconnaissance-bomber, has a quicker eye than The Bull. His eyesight is "wizard."

The Submarine tried to Crash-dive

Vital Seconds Count

He has spotted U-boats two miles away, vital seconds before they have seen him, though his great four-engined Liberator more easily catches the eye than a grey conning tower on grey water or a periscope's faint, feathery wake of foam.

From almost as far off he spotted another of his victims, even through a hail shower. It is only explained as a "sixth sense."

That split second's advantage is half the secret of this remarkable hunter. It gives him just time to jockey into the right position for attack before his prey crash-dives.

The other half—just what that position is—is what the Germans would like to know.

"Who spots them?" someone asked his navigator, Flying Officer Michael S. Layton, of Montreal (he navigated one of the Liberators that went to Moscow with Mr. Churchill last summer).

"Oh, it's always Bull. Whenever there are subs. about, his eyes seem to stick out of his head," he replied.

The Bull, who credits it to team work, has had many crews in his Ansons, Hudsons and Liberators, but always his "luck" holds.

Within six weeks from October 21 to December 1, 1942, he was awarded the bar to his D.F.C., and the D.S.O.—probably a record in rapid double honour.

Here is a vivid close-up of "the tricky business" that merits such recognition:

M for Mother (the squadron letter of his Liberator) took off on patrol from Iceland, manned by The Bull and other "Blue Noses."

They belong to that ever-growing "cold company" of airmen who, having crossed the Arctic Circle, are admitted to the Order of the Blue Noses and receive a card of initiation signed by the Air Officer Commanding on behalf of King Neptune!

In those freezing waters U-boats "wolf" around for tit-bit Atlantic convoys to Britain and Russia.

M for Mother was spreading her protective wings in a leisurely cruise, knowing it was a dawn to dusk job, and she'd have done some 2,500 miles before she touched down again.

Suddenly, coming out of a cloud, The Bull saw a U-boat two miles away.

Charged Full Out

Putting his nose down, he charged at full throttle; and in a few seconds was over his prey as it tried to crash-dive. His depth-charges straddled its disappearing stern.

"I think that one had it," he remarked as the last charge went off.

"I couldn't see much from the front, but the rear-gunner gave me a graphic description over the inter-com.

"He's been blown out of the water," he yelled into our earphones. "I can see thirty feet of his stern sticking almost straight out, and the propellers are churning like hell!"

Bits and pieces of the Jerry were flying all over the place, and the gunner got some wonderful pictures.

The Bull brought M for Mother round in a tight turn, but he was too late to see the submarine's stern disappear. "I saw a large swirl on the water with bubbles rising steadily to the surface, and later a large patch of oil."

Thousands of miles of grinding vigil: a few seconds' thrill—that's all!

It is Naval submarine experts at Coastal Command H.Q. and the Admiralty who have the deciding word in assessing the fate of a submarine attacked from the air. They are too hard-boiled to all the faked-sinking tricks of the U-boats to be easily misled.

Saved a Convoy

The Bull got the D.S.O.

Six men—he and his crew—saved a convoy single-handed in the days when the *Luftwaffe's* four-engined Focke-Wulf Condors attacked Atlantic convoys and signalled their position to U-boats, though those timid birds of prey seldom poke their noses in now.

"Our crew consisted of three Englishmen, a Scotsman, a New Zealander, and myself, a Belfast man," said The Bull.

"Sighting a Condor six miles from the convoy, we attacked head-on, and some of our shells went home. He in turn hit two of our engines, but, so tough was our ship, we didn't know it till we got back to our base.

"A second Condor appeared; then at the sight of us nipped into cover before we could attack.

"Seeing next a U-boat, which had surfaced to take a look round for the convoy, we dropped within twenty seconds three 'eggs' on her track before she'd fully submerged.

"Two just missed. The third sent up a huge fountain of water. Five seconds later there was a violent under-water explosion, and a kind of foggy gas spouted into the air.

"Three 'eggs' and four explosions. If she didn't sink she was probably too damaged to get to port.

"Finally, a third Condor showed up; and slunk off again without risking a fight."

A Liberator was matched against three Condors and a U-boat; and neither convoy nor Naval escort was attacked.

One exciting hour or two—out of nearly three thousand The Bull has flown, half of them operational, about a thousand in Liberators!

The Secret

"My well-trained crew's as keen as mustard," is his reason for their success.

Add his good example. During his first "rest period" (when flyers are given a sit-back breather after long operations) he asked to be put on the Atlantic ferry job.

He spent his "rest" making six ferry trips across the ocean, bringing over the first Flying Fortress and setting up a west to east record of eight hours forty minutes for the crossing.

From the Arctic to the tropics—from bases in England, Ireland, Scotland, Gibraltar, Iceland—he has flown.

There are none better in the noble history of 120 Squadron; but he is the first to tell you his thousand hours in Liberators are but a drop in the ocean of the three-quarters of a million miles the squadron flew in less than a year.

In the last Great War No. 120 carried the "pigeon post" between the Flanders battlefields and England. Then a trip of a hundred or so miles was a slow and hazardous adventure.

Now 2,500 a day is mere routine. Thanks to men like The Bull, who are good for all and more than the machine demands of them!

RESOLVE !

YOU'VE probably got all your private resolutions for 1943 neatly tabulated by now. How about adding just one more in the public interest?

Resolve to make 1943 a record year for salvage!

All waste impairs the war effort, but the need to conserve paper comes high up on the list of priorities.

You may have done a lot to aid the waste-paper campaign already. Well, resolve to beat your own past efforts.

Paper is a vital material of war. Save every scrap you can and get your friends busy, too.

And if you are not a registered Salvage Steward give in your name to your local council and learn how you can help play a bigger part in organising all salvage collection.

HUMANIST

will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

WHY NOT START NEW YEAR IN THE SPRING?

FEW of us will want to shed tears at the passing of 1942. It began badly for the Allied nations, but the tide has turned and we can face the future with high hopes. A happier New Year to all readers!

"I don't like this season of the year," *writes a man.* **"We make too much fuss about it.**

"Time flows in a continuous stream without any breaks, but why we have determined to start a new year at this point I can't imagine. It would be much better to start with the first day of Spring.

"We are in the darkest part of the year, and it is depressing to look back on the last twelve months.

"We are all older, but are we any wiser, happier or better?

"In my opinion we brood too much on the past. What is the sense of regretting what can't be undone? Why not look ahead and forget the things that are behind?

"You will think from all this that I am a grouser, but I assure you that I am normally a cheerful sort of fellow. It's this annual stocktaking that gets me down.

"I should like to know whether you agree about this."

We could arrange to start the New Year on the first of March, as the Romans did, or on May morning; but I rather like the idea of making a new start just when the days are on the turn.

Already the evenings have begun to creep out a little. The writer looks backwards and thinks of his failures, but surely there have been some successes too?

We cannot help glancing back when we take down the old calendar, but when we put the new calendar in its place it is equally natural to speculate on what 1943 will bring.

The fact that we cannot see what is coming adds to the feeling of adventure. It would be dull if we knew beforehand. For all we can tell it may be the most memorable year of our lives.

We need these things—fearlessness, lightheartedness, and a mind full of calm serenity; and if we have all three we can face anything.

BUT now for one or two other types of problem:

"Most of your readers' troubles, *writes a woman,* **"seem to be caused by the selfishness of other people, but please can you tell me what can be done when someone you do not love tries to kill you with kindness?**

"I have a neighbour who is wearing me out. Her affection for me is very genuine, I know, and she comes in laden with gifts of flowers, fruit, etc., and buys me presents which she cannot really afford.

"If I am ill she brings me meals which have taken up time and money and which I have the greatest difficulty in swallowing while she sits watching me with adoring eyes.

"She constantly plans little outings which I don't care about, but hate to refuse. It is pitiful to see the light fade out of her eyes as the disappointment hits home.

"My family resent her many visits although she is never offensive and rarely joins in the conversation.

"This affection is most embarrassing

Would we feel better if we began another year when the countryside does?

quite undeserved. How can I damp ardour? I am sensitive and hate thought of hurting her."
have known this problem before, not through readers' letters but in my experience.
is difficult to solve if the visitor's ings are to be spared—almost impose. in fact; but it is easy enough if cares to be ruthless.
he neighbour has what schoolgirls a "crush" on the writer, and it is hardship to her to do what she is g. She gets quite a "kick" out of it. ut I don't think she can be very sen- e or she would have realised that visits are often unwelcome.
is useless giving hints to a woman won't take them. One has to be ct and forthright, and tell her that, a time like this, the gifts are em- rassing.
should tell her that if she really ts to make sacrifices there are others deserve them more than I do, and in future I must politely refuse.

"Y wife and I have had words," *says a man,* "because I danced too many times with one woman. She my behaviour was breaking her rt, and I promised not to do such a g again.
I have kept my word, but the old ble keeps on breaking out. She 't let it rest.
She says she is still feeling hurt, but ll her she is just showing off. She tells me that until I can see the erence between feeling hurt and wing off we shall never get things ight.
I wish, Humanist, you would explain difference between the two things." urely, if a woman is "just showing her emotions are not sincere. She ot really hurt, but likes to appear matic and be in the centre of the e.
she is really hurt, then her pride been wounded and it is taking a time to heal.
he cure for "showing off" is to ap- indifferent; the cure for a real hurt ympathy and reassurance. To my of thinking the incident should have forgotten long ago.

IT IS WAITING

GO to greet it, go to meet it, with your heart, and mind, and soul; then within the New Year's Promise you will find Life's splendid goal. Go to share it, go to wear it, like a Badge for Liberty; there's no greater New Year's Message, than God will save Humanity.

GO to keep it, go to reap it, with its Faith for all mankind; do not lose a moment of it, do not dare to lag behind. Go to spend it, go to lend it, for the sake of Hope and Love; there's no finer New Year's Greeting, than our Faith in God Above.

GO to hold it, go to fold it, with its Promise of New Life, deep within your heart's strong purpose, so that man may conquer strife. Go to make it, go to stake it above the World's dark Misery. Go to sing it, go to bring it, into the Glow of Liberty.

GO to greet it, go to meet it, with GOD'S LIGHT upon your brow; you'll find all Heaven and those within it are much nearer to you now. J. M.

Readers' Views in a Sentence

YOUR mention of the stupidity and delay at the local Toll Bridge has been effective. The bridge is now free to war workers. Many thanks, JOHN BULL.—"War Worker," Bournemouth.

★ ★ ★

Police courts are devoting considerable and ill-afforded time to hearing petrol-wasting cases. These would soon diminish if offenders, on conviction, had their cars confiscated.—W. Davis, Canvey Island.

★ ★ ★

The freedom extended to Italian prisoners of war is amazing. At a recent dance in a local hall two of them arrived and danced with the local girls. I saw no sign of a military escort!—"M. M.," Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

As coal is scarce and dear, people should mix clay with coal slack. This makes a good, economical fuel.—Mr. L. Morahan, Arlington Street, Glasgow.

★ ★ ★

If a woman is not entitled to the same compensation, and equal pay for equal work as a man, why has she to pay the same ratio of taxes?—"Only a Woman," Rochdale.

★ ★ ★

We were told that the way of the food price transgressor would be hard, yet out of 3,940 convictions in one month only 144 fines exceeded £20, while 2,168 got off with a fine of £1 or under.—Mr. A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

My son employed at the steelworks volunteered for the Royal Marines. He was examined twice by six doctors at Middlesbrough, and released from his job. He travelled to Chatham Barracks, only to be rejected on medical grounds! Now he is unemployed.—Mr. G. H. Gibson, West Hartlepool.

★ ★ ★

There is a new racket in rings made from bored-out twelve-sided threepenny-bits. Bored to the thinness of rings, and plated, they are sold at high prices.—"Tyke," Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

As the spray jets on stirrup pumps should not be used, the metal adaptors are useless. They weigh two ounces each, and one million pumps would yield fifty tons of valuable metal. Local authorities could provide dumps for this metal to be collected.—R. W. Tuck, Wallington, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

Blitzed houses are still unrepaired, and there is a great shortage of accommodation. Yet all the time building work has continued on the new Liverpool Cathedral and on the repair of a big store.—James Dawson, Upton, Birkenhead.

★ ★ ★

A patient who had to be measured at the local hospital for an artificial limb had to strip in a freezing cold room. Result: a heavy cold, which meant the loss of two days' work and pay.—Mr. F. Leary, Boulby Street, Houghton-le-Spring.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"WE have just been listening to the six o'clock news—but we are the news . . . we're in the thick of it!"

That's one of the human little sidelights of the Eighth Army's victory which are contained in letters from the battlefield.

It came from L.A.C. A. Hurstfield, who is with an Advance Flight of the R.A.F., and who has written to his relatives at Crofton Avenue, Timperley, Altrincham, Ches.

Describing Rommel's headlong retreat, he says:

German rifles, bayonets and tinhats could be picked up by the score. But after the first enthusiasm of souvenir collecting we soon realised the futility of carting the junk around.

Jerry must have been in a desperate hurry to get out of our way, because clothing and equipment lay scattered about everywhere.

It is the same with field-guns and arms of all kinds.

. . . There were many clumsy graves, some with rough wooden crosses made from bacon boxes. They apparently hadn't time, though, to bury most of their dead.

One day, after a hurried meal, we were listening to the news broadcast from the wireless tender. The announcers said: "British troops to-day entered ——"

The rest was drowned by loud cheering, because that was just the spot where we were!

THEIR OWN MEDICINE

And here's another account of the Desert Battle, sent by L.A.C. J. Feather, to his wife at Marton Road, Bridlington, Yorks:

There is not much time for writing, as we have got Jerry well on the run, and he is taking a well-deserved licking.

We are giving them some of their own medicine, and our lads are all out to finish the job.

On our journey we passed through our old front-line defences, and it was amazing to see the wreckage left in the wake of the hurriedly retreating enemy.

I would have thought it impossible for this part of the Desert to look any worse than it used to do, but now it seems as if a whirlwind had swept backwards and forwards.

We had been sending machines off bombing as fast as we could, but did not then realise what havoc they were causing. Now we know!

When we arrived at —— we found it covered with smashed tanks, lorries, aeroplanes, guns and general equipment.

In another area we found an entire camp with cookhouses and everything.

Beds, with the blankets just thrown back, and clothing and equipment strewn all over the place, as if a sudden alarm had sounded and the men had just fled for their lives.

The stores were full of brand-new uniforms, evidently intended for Jerry's Grand Victory March into Alexandria!

The Army has done, and is doing, a marvellous job, aided, of course, by our mob.

HE'LL SOON KNOW!

There is no doubt about the confidence of Sig. J. A. Holdsworth, R.A., also with the Eighth Army, who writes to his sister at Melbourne Street, Hebden Bridge, Halifax:

Things are going well, and old Hitler is beaten, although he may not know it yet. But he will.

Another sketch sent by airgraph from the desert by Cpl. L. Truckell to a friend at Mitcham, Surrey

Of course, we have a bit more cleaning up to do, but Jerry may as well pack up for good.

Don't worry about me, as I am safe and well and enjoying the life.

There's nothing like action to keep you interested in your job.

Yesterday a few of us had time for a hurried swim in the "Med." It was the first decent wash we have had for weeks, not because we don't like water, but mainly because we have been so busy giving the "Nasties" a pasting.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

In contrast, troops in the Sudan are having a quiet time, but S./Sgt. T. T. Davies, Pioneer Corps, finds it interesting. He tells his parents at Saxonia Road, Liverpool:

Yesterday we had a bit of trouble about food. The Orderly Officer came into the messroom and demanded: "Who called the cook a ——?" Silence—and then a meek voice from the back table said: "Who called the —— a cook?"

Mounted on donkeys, we went out into the backwoods. A handful of native soldiers, a guide and myself paid a "State" visit to the Sheik of a village some two hours' ride away, and he was pleased to see us.

A goat was killed in our honour and was roasted with much ceremony over a wood fire. It was good, so were the drinks!

Before leaving, the Sheik wanted to present me with a camel, but I had to explain that I couldn't send it home to you by post.

ROUGH TALK

One of the chief difficulties for the Forces serving in West Africa is to find water supplies when travelling across country. C.Q.M.S. J. J. Shaw, Nigeria Regt., writes home about it to his mother at Owerbury Crescent, New Addington, Surrey:

We always try to camp near a village if possible, and it's my job as C.Q.M.S. to go ahead and contact the local Saraki (King) to find out about water supplies (always an important item), and to buy any native food he is prepared to sell.

At our last stop the old chief tried to charge whisky prices for the water that came from the earth. So I had to talk rough, threatening to send a platoon of black soldiers to drive him from his village confiscate his chickens, eggs—and his WIVES!

All mere threats, of course, but the old boy soon became more amenable, and we became the best of friends.

Then our troubles began. After tapping the well we had to haul up the water at about a quart a time in a half calabash shell on a string! And I had twenty-three four-gallon containers to fill!

EASY SHAVING STICK

GOOD FOR MORE THAN 100 SHAVES

7½d (includes purchase tax)

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Aberdale enthusiast

THE BRICKLAYER

It's no joke standing in a long bus queue when you're on your feet all day. But my Aberdale gets over this problem. It's a well built reliable bike and I depend on it to get me to and from work in these difficult times. I'm looking after it, mind you, because there'll be no more until the war is over. I'm glad I'm on an Aberdale . . .

ABERDALE CYCLES

Aberdale Cycle Co. Ltd., London N.18

Smee's

LAST LAUGH

M. P. (Norfolk).—"I am enclosing a photo of myself, and you might like to know I shall soon be appearing on the screen in a new picture." But aren't the public getting tired of these horror films?

L. M. (Morpeth).—"In my time I have been a printer and a mechanic working on farm machinery." Then you can set up a tract or take down a tractor?

E. V. (Barnstaple).—"What is your opinion of civilisation?" A good idea. Someone ought to try it.

ENQUIRER (Liphook).—"Why do we call the English language 'the mother tongue'?" Probably because father seldom gets a chance to use it.

K. J. (Clydebank).—"Whenever I see a man in a post office buying a sixpenny postal order I think what a pity it is that he should waste his wages on one of those sinful football pools." But perhaps he's only sending a bit of money home to the wife.

GEORGE F. (Swindon).—"What could be more awkward than for your wife to find a letter in your pocket which you've forgotten to post?" To find one you've forgotten to burn.

S. D. (Sutton).—"I think that winning a big prize at a whist drive is just pure luck." A good deal depends on a good deal.

TESSIE (Birmingham).—"Before the war I was a popular professional vocalist. Now I am employed as a telephone operator. I don't dislike the job, but I often yearn to receive again the enthusiastic applause and encores I used to get." But you're still taking calls.

PLODDER (Bristol).—"I intend to start in business from the bottom of the ladder, and climb rung by rung. And when I reach the top!". You'll clean the windows.

TAR (Falmouth).—"I am not clinging, as the poets might say, to Christmases past." Hoping to hold on to a Christmas present?

TEETOTAL SERGEANT (London).—"Now have you in this war seen a single soldier speechless?" Not a sergeant.

P. P. (Worcester).—"When my wife said she had found a five-pound note in my trousers pocket I didn't know what to say." You were too polite to say—Liar?

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Sure! Right there! That's where you can get a nice big juicy steak"

Side-Slips

EVENING SENTINEL:—"As the Premier sat down he gave the victory sign with his SINGERS to the cheering audience."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN: —"It was also alleged that he CHASED a cheque drawn in favour of a member of the first-aid party after forging the endorsement and receipt."

EXPRESS AND STAR: —". . . for stealing a BOILED suit, value 12s. 6d., from another store."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"HOSE hops can be collected till the end of October. . . ."

WEST LONDON OBSERVER:—"Admitting PRECIOUS convictions for street betting . . ."

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,354

D. L. Webster, "Burghley," Highfield, Sidmouth, Devon, for this "Bullet":—

ON HER KNEES

MOTHER "SEES SONNY" AGAIN.

£20: Mrs. E. Noble, 4, East Drive, Watford, Herts.
Our Christmas Dinner—Hush! *Hush!*

£10: Mrs. F. E. Kirk, 140, Badsley Moor Lane, Rotherham.
Landing in Outlandish—Lands, Defending This Land.

£5: F. Hughes, 8, Meadowmead Ave., Southampton.
When The Red Comes—Left! Right! Left! *Reich!*

£4: Mrs. E. Dodd, Kinsley Mill Lane, Market Drayton.
Parcel From Home—Sandy Sealed—*Engineer* Opened!

CASH & CAKES

SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£3: J. L. Cradwell, 89, Crow Hill North, Middleton, Lancs.
Hero Of The Hour—Led Platoon—Led Platform.

£2: F. Tyldesley, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth.
Combined Operations—Postponed—*She* Played Seats.

10s.: N. J. Pitchlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Prize Wonders Why—But Wisely Says, "Wonderful!"

10s.: Miss L. Donovan, Flat 2, 16, Lawn Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.
Combined Operations—Dad And Fido "Washing-up"!

10s.: J. H. Owen, 13, Whitegate Road, Hightown, Wrexham.
Our Christmas Dinner—Fortunately *Preceded* Dad's Cigar!

10s.: H. E. Morgan, 10, Pipers Lane, Edgmond, Newport, Salop.
Combined Operations — Sergeant's Polka — Auntie's Waltz!

10s.: F. Baines, 230, Harrison Rd., Leicester.
He Tried And Tried, But—Mollins Couldn't Get Housekeeper!

A list of 50 Winners of 10s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£125 WON OUTRIGHT

IN XWORD 308

WINNING WORDS:—1. Latch. 2. Grin. 3. Watch. 4. Dinging. 5. Fouled. 6. Lens. 7. Lift. 8 Mutter. 9. Pawn. 10. Page. 11. Dubbed. 12. Lucid. 13. Host. 14. Double.

Winner of £125—W. LAUDER, 41, Bellevue Road, Edinburgh.

Awards value £85 shared between 20 Runners-up

Backache may be due to SLUGGISH KIDNEYS

HELP to keep yourself fit by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills immediately you are distressed by backache, rheumatic twinges, urinary and bladder troubles, gravel, disturbed rest or aching muscles and joints.

These torments are often caused by excess uric acid and other harmful impurities in the blood. Doan's Pills bring relief in such cases by stimulating the sluggish kidneys; they help to flush out the millions of tiny tubes which comprise nature's filters, so enabling them to filter these impurities away.

"Every Picture tells a Story"

Many thousands of grateful people thank Doan's Pills for freedom from backache, lumbago, rheumatic complaints, urinary and bladder disorders.

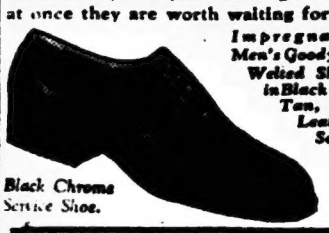
1/8, 2/8 (Inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

"A 100 . . is the Official Mark of my Utility Footwear." says:

John White

EVERYONE who knows my *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Boots and Shoes will agree that the Official Utility mark allotted to them—A 100, is well chosen. A1 quality and 100% value describes them exactly. And now they are being made in conformity with the Government Utility specification their quality is as good as ever and their value for money quite exceptional. Look for them locally. If you cannot get them at once they are worth waiting for.



Impregnable Men's Goodyear Welted Shoes in Black and Tan, Leather Soles

Black Chrome Service Shoe.

Impregnable UTILITY FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I served three years in the last war and was a prisoner for twelve months," writes Frederick Neale.

As a result of brutal treatment received this man was discharged medically unfit and is still suffering from complicated internal troubles and bronchitis. He has been under medical treatment for over fourteen years, and his doctor now states that he will never be fit to work again.

His total income, including pension, is 26s. 6d., out of which rent and insurance amounting to 11s. has to be paid. His wife has borne three children—all stillborn—and now she is suffering from acute dermatitis. This man is dreading cold weather, as he has no warm clothing to wear.

The vicar of the parish has no hesitation in recommending this applicant as a most deserving case.

Will you send something to help dispel the gloom in this sad little home? Donations earmarked "Hull," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses connected with the Fund are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Famel Conquers Coughs

Thanks to everybody's co-operation, the supply position is not too bad this season... Regular users who "can't get on without it" should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the Winter.

FAMEL SYRUP

BRAND

Opticus Ltd., Prestwich Middlesex

Resolution time!

Plenty of good resolutions have been made in 1942 to help the country's war effort. Now's the time to repeat them in the cause of Victory *soon!*

What do I do?

I resolve—to cut down my consumption of all forms of fuel—gas, coal, coke, electricity, paraffin.

—to salvage *regularly* all waste materials needed in the war, including paper, metal, rubber, bones, rags, and string.

—to put as much as I can into War Savings.

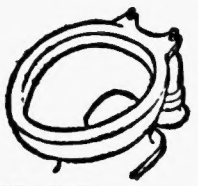
Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

HARPIC cleans the lavatory *easily*

1 SPRINKLE IN HARPIC AND LEAVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE

Its thorough cleansing action reaches right into the S-bend at the back.



2 THEN FLUSH— THE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE

Harpic removes all discoloration. The lavatory is clean and sanitary — the part you don't see as well.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Harpic is a boon for the housewife at the present time. It cleans the pan thoroughly, disinfects and deodorizes too. Just sprinkle in and *leave*. Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic.

MANY CHEQUES and CAKES THIS WEEK!

VALUE OVER **£125** Awards value £25 between Runners-up

headed by £100 CASH for XWORDS

Up to 50 4lb. CELEBRATION CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNER-UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 308 Result—page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 309

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 WATER SUPPLY OF SOME COTTAGERS IS THIS	PAI FUL			
2 ITS BLACKNESS MAY BE THAT OF COAL	M NE			
3 THINGS ARE OCCASIONALLY TOO HIGH FOR HOUSEWIFE WITHOUT ONE	LA DER			
4 IMPORTUNITY WILL FIND IT BIT OF A STRAIN WHEN ONE IS FORCED	MAR H			
5 LIGHT UNITS ARE COMPARATIVELY EASY TO	RE D			
6 A MAN AFTER A DRINK MAY PERHAPS GET THIS	PER Y			
7 MANY A FARMHAND HAS TO DO THIS BEFORE STARTING DAY'S WORK	MIL			
8 IF SONNY MISBEHAVES, DAD MAY WELL SAY FEW WORDS OF THIS KIND	HOM LY			
9 ENJOYS LONG SLEEP	P PA			
10 MAY WELL BECOME OFFENSIVE WHEN TWEAKED	PAR Y			
11 WOMEN ARE APT TO DO THIS BEFORE A MIRROR	PO DER			
12 TOO LITTLE LIGHT IS SHED ON THIS TO SUIT SOME PEOPLE	NAV			
13 PRODUCTION'S NOT AS QUICK AS IT SHOULD BE IF IT'S NECESSARY TO	P OD			
14 DECENT MEN WOULD WELCOME THIS OF BULLY IN SCHOOLS	PAS ING			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Jan. 23

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JAN. 11.

Signed .....

Address .....

309.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated January 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

MORE than £200 BULLETS PRIZES of 1943!

FIRST PRIZE £50 VALUE OVER £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 30/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

25 FINE 4lb. CELEBRATION CAKES

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Jan. 22.

THE NEW BRITAIN
OGRE OF POVERTY
DELAY IS DANGEROUS, SO
WHEN THEY'RE FREE
IN THE FORCES
EMPTY SPEECHES
MOTHER AND DAD
ONE GOOD THING
WORTH WINNING
ALL WE'VE GOT

BULLETS 1,354 RESULT appears on page 14

UNSOLVED PROBLEM
SONNY'S LATEST
HITS HOME
JUSTICE
MUST BE ABOLISHED
RADIO'S WONDERFUL, BUT
JUST IN CASE
BLOODLESS VICTORY
THE FACT IS
AUNTIE'S AN OPTIMIST, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

MAN WE .....
FIT FOR THE .....
FREE FROM .....
TOO GOOD TO .....
TASTE OF .....
SHE CAN ....., BUT

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee, at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated January 23.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing 1,357 Postmark Monday, Jan. 11.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,357—or Xword No. 309, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

GOOD FOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

BATGER'S CHINESE FIGS

FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly*. This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate, after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Simple Recipe to End Catarrh

Can easily be made up at Home

Don't let that catarrhal infection get a hold. Try this simple medicine—the recipe is easy to make and very economical. Get from any chemist 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (Double Strength), empty the Parmint Essences into half pint of warm water and stir until dissolved. You may sweeten the mixture to your taste with any one of the following: a little sugar or syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. There is nothing to equal this Parmint syrup recipe for smashing the worst attack of catarrh or catarrhal cold. From the first dose you feel relief, it clears the stopped up passages of the nose and throat, ends head noises and dullness, soothes and relieves the soreness of the chest. Dosage: one tablespoonful 4 times a day. Cut out this paragraph to remind you of the ingredients and dosage.

SCIATICA

The most agonising attack of Sciatica yields to Sloans. The burning, searing inflammation that tortures the sciatic nerve is soon routed with a few applications of this quick-acting liniment. The soothing warmth eases the crippling affliction and makes sleep possible. Sloans Liniment penetrates the tissues—without rubbing—disperses the most stubborn congestion, and allays suffering.

You can rely on Sloans Liniment in all cases of rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, neuralgia, or cramp. Obtainable from Chemists and Stores.

Free from pain at last!

SLOANS KILLS PAIN

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

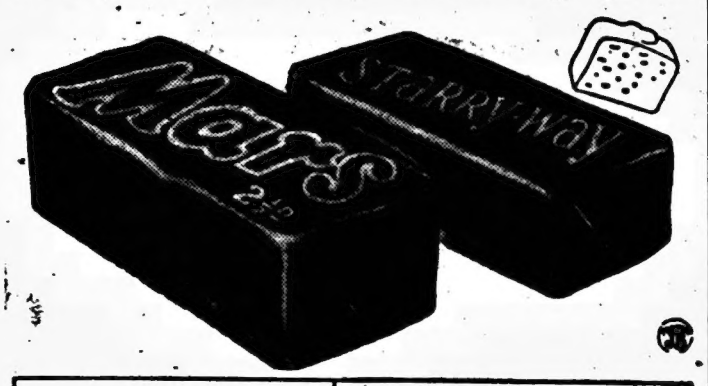
Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Stomach Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3 and 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax.) Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

CUT THEM INTO SLICES

and make the most of these two big-value chocolate coated candy bars

They are big not only in size but in delicious goodness, made from the very finest materials obtainable to-day (including separated milk and rich-with-energy glucose).



MARS BAR 2½D

STARRY WAY 1½D

Devon lady finds Fynnon Salt

helps her rheumatism

"I am a school mistress," writes this lady from Devonshire, "and for a whole year my work was made very difficult by persistent rheumatism in my shoulders. Less than a month ago I mentioned this inharmonious condition to an acquaintance and was advised to try Fynnon Salt. I bought a trial packet and within five days experienced a marked improvement. I have continued the treatment daily, and am thankful to say that the trouble has absolutely disappeared."

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body many of the poisons which contribute to rheumatism. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.*

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middx.

CARELESS LISTENING!

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

Nobody really knows who turned the radio *on*—nobody's *listening* . . . so turn it OFF!

The radio gives grand entertainment, but if you're not actually *listening* . . . SWITCH OFF!

The Government ask everybody to save electricity, so don't keep your radio going unnecessarily. Remember, too, that valves are very difficult to replace when they ultimately wear out. So give the ones you've got every possible chance.

There are many thousands of fortunate owners of Mullard Sets and Valves who have proved the lasting value of their choice; for years they have enjoyed trouble-free, true-tone listening. That is why, when Victory is won and supplies are again available, they will still choose . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (47

Iron Might

The iron you are asked to collect for armament manufacture will help to build the *iron might* essential to the victorious outcome of the war. So collect all things made of iron you can possibly do without and send them where they will help to give the United Nations the strength to win.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

take Fennings LITTLE HEALERS

at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 6d plus. P.T. 2 3/-size tubes

Write Alfred Fennings, Covent., I.o.W. for free copy of EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR

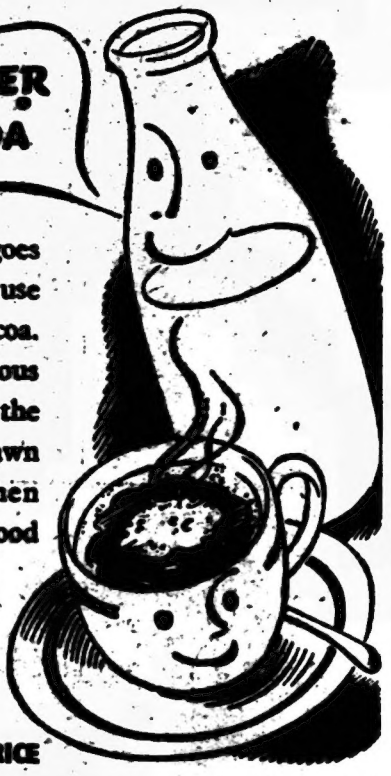
EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES

SAFETY FIRST use

Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Brand Ointment in Your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals. At all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

I GO FURTHER WITH COCOA



A small milk ration goes a long way when you use it with Bournville Cocoa. It's more than a delicious drink. It's full of the things that build brawn and muscle, strengthen teeth, enrich the blood and steady frayed nerves. And it actually costs less than before the war!

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

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